

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art.

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 133 (2293).—VOL. VI. NEW SERIES.] LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

PRICE 4d., Stamped 5d.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

—Under the management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees.
Revival of Balfe's highly-successful Opera of *BIANCA*, only temporarily suspended in order to give due effect to the production of the Christmas Pantomime. In thus submitting the Performances of the great Opera and Pantomime in one evening, the Management offer to their Patrons (the Public) an entertainment without equal for magnitude and attraction.

Monday, January 14th, and during the week, commencing at Seven o'clock, Balfe's New Opera.

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The WEEKLY EVENING MEETINGS of the MEMBERS of the ROYAL INSTITUTION will COMMENCE for the Season on FRIDAY, the 18th of January, at eight o'clock, and will be continued on each succeeding Friday Evening at the same hour.

Arrangement of the Lectures before Easter.

TWELVE LECTURES ON FISHES, by RICHARD OWEN, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I. To commence on Tuesday, January 22, at three o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday (except in Passion and Easter weeks).

TWELVE LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY, by JOHN TYNDALL, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I. To commence on Thursday, January 24, at three o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Thursday (except in Passion and Easter weeks).

TEN LECTURES ON INORGANIC CHEMISTRY, by EDWARD FRANKLAND, Esq., F.R.S. To commence on Saturday, January 19, at three o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Saturday at the same hour.

Subscribers to the Lectures are admitted on payment of two guineas for the season, or one guinea for a single course.

A syllabus may be obtained at the Royal Institution.

HENRY BENICE JONES, Sec.

EVENING LECTURES at the GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, JERMYN STREET. PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S., will commence a course of TEN LECTURES on the First Principles of Physiology, on Saturday, the 19th January, at Seven o'clock, to be continued on each succeeding Saturday Evening.

Tickets for the whole course, price five shillings, may be had at the Museum of Practical Geology.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.

Offices, No. 33, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C. Trustees—Viscount Ranelagh and J. C. Cobbold, Esq., M.P.—Investments daily, either in the Share, Deposit, or Land Departments—three distinct divisions of business, with no partnership liability of any kind, investors going into any of the three branches they please, or all of them if they think fit. Prospective of the ninth year sent free to any part of the world, as money may be invested by correspondence, and the system is adapted for all classes of the community, whether for small or large investments.

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At the ANNUAL MEETING in August, the following highly satisfactory results were shown:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Notwithstanding the large accessions of business made annually through a long series of years, which obviously increase the difficulty of further advances, yet the Fire Premiums of the year 1859 rise above those of the preceding year by a larger sum than has been obtained by the increase of any single year since the formation of the Company extending the year 1853; disclosing an advance of 50 per cent. in three years. To this circumstance must be attributed the gratifying announcement that the accounts for the year show a profit of £42,488 3s. 4d.

The following figures exhibit the progress of the whole Fire Branch, running over the last ten years:—

	Total Premium received.	Increase of the Year above each preceding one.
1850.....	£44,027 10 0	£9,557 19 8
1851.....	52,673 5 11	8,645 15 11
1852.....	76,925 4 2	24,251 18 3
1853.....	112,564 4 4	35,639 0 2
1854.....	128,459 11 4	15,895 7 0
1855.....	130,060 11 11	1,601 0 7
1856.....	151,733 9 6	21,672 17 7
1857.....	175,049 4 8	23,315 15 2
1858.....	196,148 2 6	21,098 17 10
1859.....	228,314 7 3	32,166 4 9

Placing the Company among the very largest offices in the Kingdom. Indeed, it is believed that there are now only three Offices in existence which equal it in Fire Revenue.

LIFE BUSINESS.

The Directors desire to call the especial attention of the Proprietors to the statements of the Life Branch of the establishment.

The Actuary's Report on this subject is accompanied by an appendix, containing the fullest particulars of the investigation made, and is illustrated by two coloured diagrams, which make plain to the unprofessional eye the mortality experienced by the Royal, as indicated by curved lines, which contrast most favourably with the former averages of mortality, also displayed on the diagrams.

It is expected that these elucidations will attract a deep and profitable attention to the subject of Life Assurance in the minds of tens of thousands who have hitherto given no heed to its principles and advantages; and it is evident that this Company, as well as others, will not fail to reap much of the favourable consequences to be anticipated.

The Bonus apportioned to the Assured, with participation, amounts to £2 per cent. per annum, to be added to the original sum assured of EVERY PARTICIPATING POLICY effected previously to the 1st of January, 1858, for each entire year that it had been in existence since the last appropriation of Bonus thereon, and is one of the largest Bonuses ever declared.

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PROFESSOR TYNDALL, F.R.S., will commence a Course of Ten Lectures on MAGNETIC and ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA, on Tuesday Evening, the 8th January, at Eight o'clock, to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday evening.

Tickets for the whole course, price five shillings, may be had at the Museum.

Pall Mall.—Collection of Pictures of the Italian, Flemish, and English Schools.

MESSRS. FOSTER will SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, on Wednesday, the 16th instant, at 1 precisely, a collection of PICTURES, including the Last Supper, Titian; Triumph of Bacchus, by Ciro Ferri; Erminio and the Shepherd, Pietro Bertini—all gallery works; and others by the early Italian masters, just received from Italy; also works by or in the manner of

Artois	Gainsborough	Mignard	Jan Steen
Bassano	Gryff	Rubens	Teniers
Da Cortona	Guido	Van Somers	Vandyck
Carlo Dolce	Hogarth	Schalken	P. Veronese

and portraits by

F. Boll	Gascar	Sir T. Lawrence	Old Stone
Dobson	Hudson	Mignard	Sir J. Reynolds
Dahl	Sir P. Lely	Northcote	Walker

On view two days prior to the Auction.

Landsdown Grove, Bath. The Household Furniture, valuable Collection of Pictures (principally by Barker, of Bath), rare 18th East India Madeira, choice Library, and Effects, the property of Sir Edward Cockburn, Bart.

MESSRS. FOSTER (having disposed of the Mansion) are directed to SELL by AUCTION, on the Premises, on Thursday, January 17, and following day, at 11 for 12 each day precisely, the HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, including the various requisites for many sleeping apartments, handsome drawing-room effects, well-made dining-room furniture, noble glass 94 by 60, cheffoniers and tables with verde antique slabs, winged library bookcases, decorative items, china and or-molu clocks, services of beautiful Oriental and Worcester porcelain, library of standard authors (mostly the best editions), 600 bottles of exceedingly rare old East India Madeira, and the collection of pictures, principally by that highly talented artist, Thomas Barker, of Bath, including many of his finest and most important works, the whole painted expressly for the late baronet. On view publicly two days prior to the auction, when catalogues (9d. each) may be had at the mansion; the York House Hotel, Bath; and at Messrs. Foster's, No. 54, Pall Mall, London, who will forward catalogues on receipt of seven postage stamps.

English Pictures, of the highest excellence.

MESSRS. FOSTER respectfully announce, they have received directions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, No. 54, Pall Mall, on Wednesday, 6th February, the selected and more precious portion of the collection of modern PICTURES of Mr. HENRY WALLIS, whose zeal for the arts has been long evinced by his liberal purchases both in the studio and sale-room, and whose good taste and judgment are fully endorsed by this beautiful assemblage of easel pictures, including examples of many of the first masters of the English school, all deserving especial enumeration, but, in this limited space, the following may be accepted as the creme de la creme, viz.:—Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale, by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., exhibited at the Academy, 1857; Juliet, and the Bread of Life, both by Leslie, R.A.; an Interior, and the Keeper's Daughter, both by Friith, R.A., the latter picture enriched with animals by Ansell; Circus and the Syrens, the chef d'œuvre of Etry, R.A.; the Young Mother, Canterbury Meadows, and the Two Mothers, by Sydney Cooper, A.R.A.; a Sea View, and the Medway by Moonlight, both by C. Stanfield, R.A.; English Cottages, by Creswick and Goodall; the South Downs, by Creswick and Ansell; the Bathurst, by MacIise, R.A.; Opening of Waterloo Bridge, the important work by Constable, R.A.; a Coast Scene, by Collins, R.A.; Roslyn Castle, by D. Roberts, R.A.; the Legend of Montrose, by F. Stone, A.R.A.; Solomon Eagle, by Poole, A.R.A.; the Synagogue, by Hart, R.A.; the Hop Garden, by Webster, R.A.; a Landscape and the Interior of a Church, by Calcott, R.A.; the Maries, and Queen Katherine Rebuking Cardinal Wolsey, both by H. O'Neill, A.R.A.; three small works by Frost, R.A.; Naomi's Little Maid, and another fine work, by Sant; the Peasant's Home, by F. Goodall, R.A.; Machno Mill, by W. Müller; Amy Robsart, by Wyburd; Girl's Head, and the Wreath, both by Baxter; Fruit, by Lance; the Sands and the Devil's Bridge, by Fyne; Faith, by J. D. Leslie; and others by distinguished artists. The private view will be on the Saturday and the public view Monday and Tuesday prior to the sale, when catalogues may be had of Messrs. Foster, 54, Pall Mall.

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Amount of accumulated fund 1,898,895 14 11
The effect of the successful operation of the Society during the whole period of its existence may be best exhibited by recapitulating the declared surpluses at the four investigations made up to this time.

For the 7 years ending 1842 the Surplus was £32,074 11 5
" 5 years " 1847 " " " 86,122 8 3
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Members whose premiums fall due on the 1st of January are reminded that the same must be paid within 30 days from that date.

January, 1861.

JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1861.

REVIEWS.

SPIRITUALISM.*

THE next best thing to having a handle to your name is to have a tail to it. But an aristocratic suffix is not within the reach of all of us. Every one cannot be Howard of Effingham, or Graham of Claverhouse, or Stanley of Alderley, or even O'Donoghue of the Glens. So we must be content with what we can get, and admit that "John Jones of Peckham" has a *distingué*, not to say a chivalrous, sound. A cavilling critic might, indeed, find an objection in its vagueness, and suggest that in the end gentlemen might fall back on their postal districts, till Smith of S.E. breathed proud defiance to Robinson of N.W.

But if the name of the author of this book is calculated to strike awe into the breast of the irreverent, much more will the early pages of the work itself. "Let no one" (Jones of Peckham *loquitur*) "hop, skip, and jump to the several divisions; skim the pages, reading a dozen lines here and there, and then fill the chair of judgment, and pronounce sentence, as may be done with a fashionable novel, full of diamonds, carriages, love, and intrigue." With this warning to superficial reviewers ringing in our ears, we sat down to the study of Mr. Jones, and we must do him the justice of saying that his book is about the hardest reading that we have ever come across. That we feel very incompetent to cope with it we frankly admit, for we have been unable not only to connect any two chapters together, but to follow the argument of any one chapter in the whole. We think, however, that we may safely affirm that it is a treatise on spiritualism. There are some writers who, like Bishop Berkeley, can ascend from tar-water to the Trinity; there are others who, like the poet of Messrs. Moses, can commence with the peace of Pekin, or some equally important topic, and work down to an allusion to the shop, and an invitation to buy a "vest" in the course of the current week. Mr. Jones of Peckham, is of the latter order; he starts with an announcement that he is going to prove the immortality of the soul, and he diverges to tell us something about Uranus, revivism, and other subjects; but we find as we go on that all this is but a rather heavy "introduction" to the ordinary spiritual pantomime, in which harlequin will float about the ceiling, and clown will swallow interminable strings of spiritualistic anecdotes.

We have already suggested that, at least in the early part of Mr. Jones's work, there is some difficulty in getting hold of anything tangible. He is afflicted with a distressing malady, which he terms "uplift thoughts," the effect of which we can best describe by saying that his style is to Mr. Tupper's as Mr. Tupper's to Lord Macaulay's. So we are very thankful when we can pick out a little statement of fact, such as the gem which we present to our readers, and which comes from a chapter on "Mental Life Atmosphere Currents and Storms." The object of the said chapter, we should observe, is to show that all coincidences are the result of a "life atmosphere" acting under certain laws; and one of its deductions is the remarkable discovery, illustrated by an account of the wreck of the Royal Charter,

that a great number of things might happen if something else did not occur to prevent them. We proceed with our extract:—

"The Royal House of Stuart had its convulsions under the number eight, thus:—

"In 1488 James III. led a battle against his subjects, by whom he was pursued and assassinated.

"In 1588 Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded.

"In 1688 James II. abdicated the British crown.

"In 1788 Prince Charles James Stuart, the last of the race who made any attempt to recover the English crown, died.

"Here we have cycles of 100 years: 1488, 1588, 1688, 1788: under the double 8, or double blight, the Stuart curse was on; and to finish the whole—

"In 1808, aged 82, died the last of the Stuarts—Cardinal York—and the widow of the Pretender, the Countess of Albany, in 1824:—8, and the half-number 4 for the wife, the half-Stuart.

"Number six is considered the Roman Catholic blight Number. Tarquinius Sixtus was the worst of his race.

"Under Urban the Sixth the great schism of the West broke out.

"Alexander the Sixth outvied all his predecessors in wickedness.

"Pius the Sixth was led captive by the French, and treated with ignominy and oppression."

Now if the spirits have really been correcting the received chronology, it is very unfair of Mr. Jones to keep the information to himself—because all historians state, and most little boys know, that Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded in February, 1587. Charles James Stuart, again, is usually called Charles Edward. But who, in the name of Milman, was Tarquinius Sixtus, and what particular "blight" did he bring on Roman Catholicism? We cannot avoid an uncomfortable suspicion that Mr. Jones has been reading, without very clearly appreciating their allusions or their Latinity, the famous contemporary lines on Alexander VI., of which the final couplet runs thus—

"Sextus Tarquinius, sextus Nero, sextus et iste;
Semper sub sextis perdit Roma fuit."

To find our old acquaintance, Sextus Tarquin, brought before us as the sixth of his house, and as an illustration of Papal depravity, is so astounding a revelation that we can do no more than recommend Lucretia to the immediate notice of Exeter Hall.

On the subject of mediums, whether connected with mesmerism or spirit-rapping, Mr. Jones is very communicative. We read of a "medium" whom he employed to discriminate between the claims of two rival wet-nurses, and of another who possessed the power of reading letters applied to the pit of his stomach—a faculty which would be of incalculable service to any of our friends under civil service or military examinations, who would probably clothe themselves at once in historically-lined inexpressibles. Then we have a grand enumeration of eminent mediums. At the head, of course, stands the illustrious Mr. D. D. Home, who succeeded, we are informed, in convincing "the innocent mind" of Napoleon III., an epithet which we imagine the Emperor himself would hardly think a compliment. We read also of Miss Fox, "the original medium," whose exploits in relation to the Hydesville knockings in America we described some weeks since in our review of Mr. Dale Owen. Another great American light (Mr. Home, by the way, was "developed in America,") is a gentleman who rejoices in the eminently transatlantic name of Koon. But next to Mr. Home appears to rank a certain Mr. T. L. Harris, an American and "a minister by profession, acquainted with theological variations and phraseology." Mr. Harris is now in England, and is, we learn, in the habit of giving out "utterances," which,

for richness of diction and sublimity of thought and true poetry, has (*sic*) no equal since Milton shone and Shakespeare sparkled." We must say, however, that we feel rather thankful that this sage has not attained greater celebrity, partly, of course, out of consideration for Milton and Shakespeare, and partly from Mr. Jones's account of the character of his "utterances."

"Again, his spiritual ideas of man's enjoyment in another world are soaked in connubial joys, and though he doubtless does not so intend it, his ideas, as abstract principles, may be coolly and anatomically examined by old married folks; but to young persons bursting into life, there is a sensuous aura which is far from suitable. Scent, perfumes with nectar drank from goblets of buttercups, has so little of the actual verities of life, of the stern iron grip of hunger and thirst, of house-rent, and taxes; that his teaching leads to effeminacy, and sentimentalism. Let him cultivate the surrounding of those Spirits or intelligences which will teach men and women the method of breasting the storms of life, of piloting the soul along the rough coasts of adversity, of assisting their fellows in mental and bodily trouble; thus making them blessed and a blessing. Harris the man, and Harris the medium are two; and so will we find it with almost all mediums. How beautiful the thought, that all the shortcomings of mediums, mental or physical, show that we are not to put our trust in those 'Princes' among men, but in 'The Lord God of Hosts.'"

As far as we can make anything of this very singular passage, which in grammar, punctuation, and perspicuity, is a fair specimen of the general tone of the book, we should imagine that Mr. Harris—as other "mediums," such as Mahomet, John of Leyden, and Joe Smith, have done before him—has discovered that, in spite of all the denunciations of materialism in which his friend Mr. Jones indulges, the bait of a sensual eternity is very requisite for the success of a new religion. Our readers will observe the unctuous introduction of a text, a practice of which Mr. Jones is very fond, and in reference to which we would hint that the cause of the spiritualists will not be served by burlesquing the most awful names and incidents of the Bible in their own wretched jargon—talking, for instance, of Elisha as "a powerful medium," and applying our Lord's declaration, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," to the achievements of Messrs. Home and Harris.

Mr. Jones seems indeed to find some cause for grief in the condition of his own party. It includes, it would appear, some faint-hearted recreants, whom he looks upon in much the same way as a Cameronian would have regarded one of the indulged ministers. These gentlemen, the Peckham Abdiel complains, have "run behind into the ditches of obscurity, to come out with a straight spine and noble bearing when the battle is over and won." In another place we are told that when any of these weak brethren writes a spiritualist article, he takes care it should appear anonymously, and observes "Don't say it was me." If this complaint be well-founded, Mr. Jones should advise his friends of this class to put themselves as soon as convenient *en rapport* with the spirit of Lindley Murray.

As to the manifestations themselves, we regret to say that they present very little novelty. The celebrated article in "The Cornhill," from which copious extracts appear in the present work, contained quite as much as is to be found here. There is this important difference, that while the article was written with all the ability that might be expected from the gentleman to whom it is generally ascribed, the book describes occurrences in the style and spirit of a monthly

* *The Natural and Supernatural; or, Man, Physical, Apportioned, and Spiritual.* By John Jones, of Peckham. (London: Baillière 1861.)

nurse. Over and over again we have the accordion moved by spirit power, and playing—we know not whether as a delicate compliment to the great medium—"Home, sweet Home," the "pulp" spirit hands ringing bells and scattering flowers, the rapping tables and dancing furniture, and the floating Mr. Home ascending to make marks upon the ceiling.

This very uniformity, however, may supply us with means of arriving at some definite conclusions—we will say at once some general objections to phenomena of this description.

First, then, we take exception to the very inadequate results which spiritualism succeeds in producing. The God whom we believe in, and whom Christianity reveals, does not suspend the laws of nature for nothing. Now this is just what the authors of pretended miracles always fail to appreciate. Their miracles are always destitute of aim and purpose; mere fantastic exercises of capricious power. If our readers would see an ancient instance of this, let them turn to any of the apocryphal gospels—"The Gospel of our Saviour's Infancy," for example; or to the essays of Trench and Ellicott on these spurious records. If they would like a more modern one, let them learn from the pages of modern spiritualism how the mysteries of the unseen world were revealed in order to take off a shoe or to knot a pocket-handkerchief, to enable Mr. Home to scratch the ceiling, or to fling a geranium leaf at the right ear of Mr. Jones. There is only one book in the world which records credible miracles, because there is only one which records miracles with a meaning.

But not only are we struck by the little results which spiritualism, on its own showing, brings about, but at the great opportunities which it throws away. Its votaries profess to receive constant communications from beings of the other world: how is it that they obtain so little information about the present? Why do the spirits never get ahead of Reuter's telegrams? A letter appeared in the "Times" during the period of uncertainty about the return of the Prince of Wales, suggesting that a little news about the Hero would be acceptable. Challenges of this sort are now met by a tardy discovery that spirits are not omniscient. Well, we will suggest another touch-stone. Why does not some enterprising "medium" call up poor little Francis Saville Kent, and solve for us the dark problem of the Road murder? Such a medium would obtain the immediate advantage of winning a handsome reward, and the ulterior gratification of vindicating, in connection with a subject of general interest, the truthfulness of his or her own pretensions.

Again, we cannot help remarking the very defective evidence on which all these stories rest. It is only to privileged and prejudiced witnesses that the spirits reveal themselves. The "circles" and "sittings" in which manifestations take place are always composed of the experienced or the credulous. Nothing like a public demonstration—not even such as those by which Thom of Canterbury and Luckie Buchan strove to encourage their respective adherents—is ever attempted. No spirit-hands ever play on the organ at the Crystal Palace; the table of the House of Commons is never seen trying to climb over the Treasury bench; nor have we yet encountered Mr. Home floating down the Strand on a level with the first-floor windows.

Even in these private circles, however, the more important manifestations seem never to take place in broad daylight. Mr. Jones, with a perception of the fatal weakness of his own case, for which we should scarcely have

given him credit, tries, by working himself into a violent passion, to frighten everybody off noticing this point. "Let no one," he howls, "disgrace his manhood by lying (the italics are not ours) to his fellow-men, and assert that darkness is the rule for the production of the evidences of spirit power." We are not going to disgrace our manhood any further than may be involved in making quotations from Mr. Jones himself. At page 354 we read that on the evening of May 7th, 1860, Mr. Home observed, "I am rising, but we could not see him;" his feet were then visible before the window; after which, "he was floated into the dark." At page 355 we have the account extracted from "The Cornhill," which, as many of our readers will remember, spoke of Mr. Home as being "dimly visible in semi-darkness." At page 338 we find that before the scattering of geranium leaves, to which we have alluded, took place, "the sounds gave out 'put out the lights,' which was done." At page 363, before some very remarkable table tricks are described, we read "the jet of gas was put out by our host." At page 370 we have a story of hands bringing up emblems of truth, superstition, &c., for the edification of a lady designated as "the Hon. Mrs. —," but we find that the spirits sagaciously demanded the preliminary extinction of the lights. "It was twilight" when a number of hands appeared to Mr. J. S. Rymer (p. 374). "The room was dark," when the "spirit-grasp" was vouchsafed to the American Judge Edmonds (p. 376). "The light is usually extinguished" before the spirits will give one of their concerts in the rooms of Mr. Jonathan Koon (p. 418). We need not amplify this point. We think we have judged Mr. Jones sufficiently out of his own mouth, and we would only call attention to the fact that even the spiritualists do not venture to assert that any instance of floating in the air has ever taken place except in a darkened room.

Given this condition, and a circle of enthusiastic votaries, and what is there marvellous in spiritualist achievements? Let any of our readers, for example, recall the manner in which Carlotta Grisi used to float across the stage as *Ariel*, and then calculate the effects which might be produced by dexterous manipulation and convenient machinery after "the sounds had given out 'put out the lights.'"

Our readers may wonder at our devoting this space to demonstrating that an ignorant man has written a foolish book. We have done so because, from the author's avowed intimacy with various eminent "mediums," we looked upon it in the light of a spiritualist manifesto, and because the miserable superstition which a few years ago received a check from science and common sense is again raising its head among us. Spiritualism, in fact, is getting to be a nuisance, and it is time for all people of education, intelligence and religion to unite in putting it down.

That to do this one need not go beyond the testimony of its advocates, our dealings with Mr. John Jones may evidence. Unfortunately, some people, who ought to have known better, have attacked the spiritualists by admitting their facts, but maintaining that these results were brought about by unlawful means. That their exploits proceed from the devil, in the sense in which every device of human fraud and every debasement of human intellect come from such a source, we are prepared to grant; but to find an exertion of supernatural power in this sorry conjuring, is to lower oneself to the level of its dupes and apologists.

If one must look at the *rationale* of the matter, we should be inclined to trace it to that proneness to exchange a languid scepticism for a grovelling superstition common to all ages of luxury, refinement, and irreligion. Not to insist on the parallel of France before the Revolution, let us remind our readers how Rome under the Caesars eked out the barrenness of its "creed outworn" by predictions, by spirit-raising, and by miracles. To float in the air was a trick even then not wholly unknown. Simon Magus, if we may credit Justin Martyr, attempted it. Suetonius tells us of a similar essay at the court of Nero. In Juvenal it appears as the consummate device of Greek effrontery:—

"Ad summam, non Maurus erat, non Sarmata, non Thrax,
Qui summis pennas, mediis sed natus Athenis."

It is time to take our leave of Mr. John Jones of Peckham. We doubt not that he is a most respectable man, and a perfectly sincere *gobemouche*; but we must be allowed to rank his supernatural stories beside the genius of Prince Harris, and the profligacy of Pope Tarquin.

MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.*

SECOND NOTICE.

THE three Henrys were almost of the same age. The contrast, however, between their characters is marked, and nothing could be more effective than the manner in which they are described by the pen of Mr. Motley. Henry of Guise, the chief of the House of Lorraine, was one of the most turbulent plotters of the age. In Paris he was very popular as the head of the extreme papistical party. He had been the hero of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Henry of Navarre, the Huguenot, the Béarnese, the chieftain of the Gascon chivalry, the *dulce decus et presidium* of oppressed Protestantism, was, in consequence of the childlessness of Henry III., heir to the throne of France. Our historian cannot speak of him without rapture:—"At his very name, a figure seems to leap forth from the mist of three centuries, instinct with ruddy, vigorous life. Such was the intense vitality of the Béarnese prince, that even now he seems more thoroughly alive and recognisable than half the actual personages who are fretting their hour upon the stage." His description of him is a singularly eloquent piece of writing, which we wish we had space to quote. After picturing to us his personal appearance, and having alluded to the feats of chivalry which on a hundred fields he had displayed, he tells us that he "had been taught to run about bare-headed and bare-footed among the mountains and rocks of Bearn, till he became as rugged as a young bear and as nimble as a kid. Black bread, beef, and garlic were his simple fare; and he was taught by his mother and grandfather to hate lies and liars, and to read the Bible." All attempts on the part of Henry of Guise to worm himself into the friendship of this hero were unavailing; but, despite the prospect of his succession to the throne, and his influence among the Huguenots of France, the embassy from the Netherlands to seek protection against Spain ended in entire failure. The envoys were mortified by vexatious delays, and soon returned in disgust; and, fortunately for themselves, for us, and for the cause of religious freedom, turned their attention to England in their hour of need. In October (1584) a grave conference was held in the English Council, whether "her

* History of the United Netherlands. By J. L. Motley, D.C.L. 2 Vols. (London: J. Murray.)

Majesty should presently relieve the States of the Low Countries." It was determined, after some discussion, that if reasonable terms could be made with them, they "were not to be left to the cruelties of the Spaniards." Walsingham appears from the first to have looked forward to the struggle with Spain, which ended so gloriously in the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Burleigh was disposed to temporise. Queen Elizabeth, with prescient sagacity, foresaw that some such conflict must sooner or later arise; and when we remember that she was fully impressed with this idea, it is difficult to realise the painful and almost ludicrous parsimony of which she was guilty. It is scarcely possible now-a-days to comprehend it, except by remembering that instead of a hundred millions, the revenue of England was at that time half a million.

The envoys from the Netherlands waited upon Queen Elizabeth at her palace at Greenwich, on the 9th of July. Among them were Menin, the pensionary of Dort; Falck of Zeeland; Paul Buys; Noel de Caron, a diplomatist of experience; the poet-soldier Van der Does, the brave defender of Leyden; De Gryze, Hersolte, Francis Maalzoen, and three legal Frisians, Feitsma, Aisma, and Jongema; and towering above all with commanding presence, with broad forehead and cold blue eyes, high cheek bones, and copious brown beard, stood the stately figure of John of Olden-Barneveld. We should be dealing unfairly with our readers if we did not here favour them with an extract from Mr. Motley:—

"The commissioners thus described arrived at Greenwich stairs, and were at once ushered into the palace, a residence which had been much enlarged and decorated by Henry VIII. They were received with stately ceremony. The presence-chamber was hung with Gobelin tapestry, its floor strewn with rushes. Fifty gentlemen pensioners, with gilt battle-axes, and a throng of buffeters, or beef-eaters, in that quaint old-world garb which has survived so many centuries, were in attendance, while the counsellors of the queen, in their robes of state, waited around the throne.

"There, in close skull-cap and dark flowing gown, was the subtle, monastic-looking Walsingham, with long, grave, melancholy face and Spanish eyes. There too, white staff in hand, was Lord High Treasurer Burleigh, then sixty-five years of age, with serene blue eye, large, smooth, pale, scarcely-wrinkled face and forehead; seeming, with his placid, symmetrical features, and great velvet bonnet, under which such silver hairs as remained were soberly tucked away, and with his long dark robes which swept the ground, more like a dignified gentleman than a statesman, but for the wintry beard which lay like a snowdrift on his ancient breast.

"The Queen was then in the fifty-third year of her age, and considered herself in the full bloom of her beauty. Her garments were of satin and velvet, with fringes of pearl as big as beans. A small gold crown was upon her head, and her red hair, throughout its multiplicity of curls, blazed with diamonds and emeralds. Her forehead was tall, her face long, her complexion fair, her eyes small, dark, and glittering, her nose high and hooked, her lips thin, her teeth black, her bosom white and liberally exposed. As she passed through the ante-chamber to the presence-hall, supplicants presented petitions upon their knees. Wherever she glanced, all prostrated themselves on the ground. The cry of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth' was spontaneous and perpetual; the reply, 'I thank you, my good people,' was constant and cordial. She spoke to various foreigners in their respective languages, being mistress, besides the Latin and Greek, of French, Spanish, Italian, and German. As the Commissioners were presented to her by Lord Buckhurst, it was observed that she was perpetually gloving and ungloving, as if to attract attention to her hand, which was esteemed a wonder of beauty. She

spoke French with purity and elegance, but with a drawling, somewhat affected accent, saying '*Paar maa foi; paar le Dieu viciant*,' and so forth, in a style which was ridiculed by Parisians, as she sometimes, to her extreme annoyance, discovered."

Menin, the pensionary of Dort, addressed her Majesty, and the Queen replied in French, with much brevity and point. They offered the sovereignty of the States to her Majesty, which she declined. All she would consent to do was to aid them, and take them under her protection. The Queen was thinking of how to secure any expenditure they occasioned to her by safe mortgages, rather than of extending her territory, or consolidating a great empire. "Her Majesty," said Burleigh, "will never think of accepting the sovereignty. She will assist you in money and men, and must be repaid to the last farthing when the war is over; and until that period must have solid pledge in the shape of a town in each province."

The Queen exaggerated; economy was no doubt required, to benefit her country more than herself; but it was really so exaggerated that it did mischief to the cause she was anxious to foster, and has left a blot upon her reputation. After much debate and correspondence, her favourite, the Earl of Leicester, was sent to the States. He was accompanied by Sir Philip Sydney, appointed to the rank of general of cavalry and the governorship of Flushing. Though all his contemporaries are loud in his praises, the Queen seems to have been slow to recognise his shining qualities, and indeed, in his own words, "apt to interpret everything to his disadvantage." He had travelled for three years in Europe, and gained the personal regard of such opposite characters as Charles IX. of France, Henry of Navarre, Don John of Austria, and William of Orange. He had lived in courts, camps, and universities. He was in Paris in 1572, and narrowly escaped perishing in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Mr. Motley thus describes him:—

"In the latter part of November, he cast anchor, in the midst of a violent storm, at Rammekins, and thence came to the city of his government. Young, and looking even younger than his years—not only of an excellent wit, but extremely beautiful of face—with delicately-chiselled Anglo-Norman features, smooth fair cheek, a faint moustache, blue eyes, and a mass of amber-coloured hair; such was the author of '*Arcadia*' and the governor of Flushing.

"And thus an Anglo-Norman representative of ancient race had come back to the home of his ancestors. Scholar, poet, knight-errant, finished gentleman, he aptly typified the result of seven centuries of civilisation upon the wild Danish pirate. For among these very quicksands of storm-beaten Walachia that wondrous Normandy first came into existence whose wings were to sweep over all the high places of Christendom. Out of these creeks, lagoons, and almost inaccessible sandbanks, those bold freebooters sailed forth on their forays against England, France, and other adjacent countries, and here they brought and buried the booty of many a wild adventure. Here, at a later day, Rollo the Dane had that memorable dream of leprosy, the cure of which was the conversion of North Gaul into Normandy, of Pagans into Christians, and the subsequent conquest of every throne in Christendom from Ultima Thule to Byzantium. And now the descendant of those early freebooters had come back to the spot, at a moment when a wider and even more imperial swoop was to be made by their modern representatives. For the sea-kings of the sixteenth century—the Drakes, Hawkinses, Frobishers, Raleighs, Cavendishes,—the De Moors, Heemskerks, Barendts—all sprung of the old pirate-lineage, whether called Englanders or Hollanders, and, instinct with the same hereditary love of adventure, were about to wrestle with ancient tyrannies, to explore the most inaccessible

regions, and to establish new commonwealths in worlds undreamed of by their ancestors—to accomplish, in short, more wondrous feats than had been attempted by the Knuts and Rollos, Ruries, Rogers, and Tancred, of an earlier age."

The Earl of Leicester made a triumphant entry into Holland, and, as there existed in Holland the warmest affection for the Queen of England, he was received with the utmost enthusiasm. At Rotterdam and Dort he had to make his way "through lines of musketeers and civic functionaries, amid roaring cannon, pealing bells, burning cressets, blazing tar barrels, fiery-winged dragons, wreaths of flowers, and Latin orations." His exultation at all this was unbounded, and he so far forgot himself on one occasion as to state that his family had, in the person of Lady Jane Grey, his father and brother, been unjustly deprived of the crown of England. As he was surrounded by spies who would not fail to report this foolish boasting at home, the subsequent apparently capricious displeasure of Queen Elizabeth may perhaps be traced to such untimely and dangerous vaunting. The Earl was, much to the annoyance of the Queen, when she heard it, denominated "his excellency," and was appointed governor-general. He showed no reluctance in accepting the post. Indeed, he was quite prepared to accept more power than was offered to him, and—an exclusive aristocrat at heart—he was especially concerned that his colleagues in the council should not exercise restraint over him, especially if any of those colleagues were of humble blood. The account of his installation at the Hague is the last extract we shall give from Mr. Motley's first volume:—

"On the 4th of February the ceremony of his inauguration took place, with great pomp and ceremony, at the Hague. The beautiful, placid, village-capital of Holland were much the same aspect at that day as now. Clean, quiet, spacious streets, shaded with rows of whispering poplars and umbrageous limes, broad sleepy canals—those liquid highways along which glided in phantom silence the bustle, and traffic, and countless cares of a stirring population—quaint tottering houses, with tower and gable; ancient brick churches, with slender spire and musical chimies; thatched cottages on the outskirts, with stork-nests on the roofs—the whole without fortification, save the watery defences which enclosed it with long-drawn lines on every side; such was the Count's park, or 's Graven Haage, in English called the Hague.

"It was embowered and almost buried out of sight by vast groves of oaks and beeches. Ancient Badahuennan forests of sanguinary Druids—the 'wild wood without mercy' of Saxon savages, where, at a later period, sovereign Dirks and Florences, in long succession of centuries, had ridden abroad with lance in rest, or hawk on fist; or under whose boughs, in still nearer days, the gentle Jacqueline had pondered and wept over her sorrows—stretched out in every direction between the city and the neighbouring sea. In the heart of the place stood the ancient palace of the counts, built in the thirteenth century by William II. of Holland, King of the Romans, with massive brick walls, cylindrical turrets, pointed gable and rose-shaped windows, and with spacious court-yard, enclosed by feudal moat, drawbridge, and portcullis.

"In the great banqueting-hall of the ancient palace, whose cedar-roof of magnificent timber-work, brought by crusading counts from the Holy Land, had rung with the echoes of many a gigantic revel in the days of chivalry—an apartment one hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet high—there had been arranged an elevated platform, with a splendid chair of state for the 'absolute' governor, and with a great profusion of gilding and velvet tapestry, hangings, gilt emblems, complimentary devices, lions, unicorns, and other imposing appurtenances. Prince Maurice, and all the members of his house, the States-General in full costume, and

all the great functionaries, civil and military, were assembled. There was an elaborate harangue by orator Menin, in which it was proved, by copious citations from Holy Writ and from ancient chronicle, that the Lord never forsakes His own; so that now, when the Provinces were at their last gasp by the death of Orange and the loss of Antwerp, the Queen of England and the Earl of Leicester had suddenly descended, as if from heaven, to their rescue. Then the oaths of mutual fidelity were exchanged between the Governor and the States, and, in conclusion, Dr. Bartholomew Clerk ventured to measure himself with the 'big fellows,' by pronouncing an oration which seemed to command universal approbation. And thus the Earl was duly installed governor-general of the United States of the Netherlands."

OSBORN'S JAPANESE FRAGMENTS.*

CAPTAIN OSBORN in this neat little volume, and in a frank, sailor-like style, has given us one or two more glimpses of an extraordinary subject. This Japan, this island empire of the East, is a perfect Laputa, full of wonders. Unknown for centuries to Western Europe, then revealed to the cupidity of traders and the fanaticism of priests during a portion of the sixteenth century, and only the more carefully closed against foreigners afterwards—the Land of the Day Dawn is a social and political marvel, and its recent partial accession to the communion of nations resembles the effect of introducing a tropical or arctic animal or biped into the English domestic homestead. The Japanese seem to have been meant expressly to contradict all our theories and easy generalisations. They are Easterns, but they are brave to rashness. They are Asiatics, but they have a most exalted sense of honour. They have a most robust national life, and individually and collectively are a people well worth knowing. Japan is governed probably better than half the nations of Europe. While their originality is almost beyond suspicion, they seem to have attained some of the most important of our political and social institutions. That great discovery which escaped the wisdom of Greece and Rome, the division of the temporal and spiritual power, they have had for centuries. The Taikoon is emperor, and the Mikado, pope, and neither is quite independent of the other. But the alleged feudal system reported to exist there, is one of the most extraordinary of their analogies to us:—

"The entire empire," says Captain Osborn, "is said to be divided into sixty-eight great provinces, all but five of which are ruled over by feudal princes, who, even in our day, exercise despotic sway within their borders."

No crushing centralisation here, but plenty of life and fire, as the following testifies. It occurred last year:—

"A hostile prince directed his retainers to cut off one who is at present regent to the young Taikoon. They failed, although they wounded the regent, in consequence of the devotion of his own guard. The assailants fled, followed by the imperial forces. A few only escaped; and such was the desperate valour of these men, that as any one of the retreating party fell through wounds or fatigue, their comrades decapitated them, in order that no evidence should be forthcoming to inculpate their chief. The next stage in the tragedy is the 'happy despatch' of the unsuccessful nobles." (P. 107.)

This might appear to be taken from the history of Scotland or France 500 years ago, except that our Christian nobles would certainly not have been so punctilious about surviving an abortive insurrection as the Japanese.

One of their most interesting traits is their

intense curiosity. This struck travellers in the sixteenth century, as it does now. They are never tired of asking pertinent questions. Old Koempfer had experience of this tendency. He says:—

"The Emperor, who hitherto sat among the ladies, almost opposite to us, did now draw nearer, and sate himself down on our right. Then he ordered us to take off our cap or cloak, then to stand upright, that he might have a full view of us, again to walk, to stand still, to compliment each other, to jump, to dance, to play the drunkard, to read Dutch, to paint, to sing, to put our cloaks on and off. He asked us how we took leave of our friends, parents, or a mistress; how we scolded one another, and how we made up our differences and got friends again."—Koempfer's "Japan," cap. xxiv.

Again, Lord Elgin's testimony is most decisive:—"On the whole, I never treated with people who seemed to me, within the limits of their knowledge, to be more reasonable" (p. 135).

They have guide-books for their journeys, and fans, which answer the same purpose, with the routes and distances marked on them. Their horse shoes are made of straw, and even cotton and silk; and, to conclude, some of their customs are at least peculiar. Here is a picture of conjugal happiness:—

"Under a porch a man and his wife are enjoying a tub of warm water in the open air. He is seated on the rim of the tub with his legs in the water; his wife, a fine buxom young woman, is busy with a bundle of flax, instead of a sponge, rubbing down his back. Both are just as they came into the world, and evidently as indifferent to their neighbours as their neighbours to them—(P. 101).

Capt. Osborn is quite justified in his remark that "this is contrary to our ideas of propriety." But we cannot but think how pointless to a Japanese philosopher would be the story of Lady Godiva, and what a strange people he would consider the English for their wrath with "Peeping Tom."

In conclusion, we would say, that the "illustrations by artists of Yedo" are most interesting, from their quaint originality, and that the Japanese are quite ready to satirise their own foibles—another proof of a strong people—and bring to the task a considerable power of caricature.

WAYS AND WORDS OF MEN OF LETTERS.*

SOME years ago Mr. Pycroft published a good book about cricket. It was written in the best public-school style; that is, it was genial, practical, and not offensively muscular. It contained some original views, all the mechanical knowledge requisite, and a great deal of common sense. Seeing that cricket divides with rowing the monopoly of physical education, about which we now make so much fuss, a satisfactory work of the kind is not without a certain value. Remembering this, and not having in the interval renewed our acquaintance with the author, we took up the present volume with rather sanguine expectations. We may as well say at once that we have been entirely disappointed.

In order to ascertain his intentions, and the point of view from which he wished his performance to be criticised, we turned to the preface. We at once got out of our depth. The very first words are as follows:—"To explain the plan and intention of this book—in these days of Biography Letters and Memoirs—a reader, who would make himself familiar with the minds and manners of illustrious men, has many of the same advantages as if he had

lived and moved within their highly-favoured circle." Now, without inquiring whether this is English or not, we will ask, What does it mean? The punctuation here is that given in the book; but, being determined to do the author all justice, we have tried every possible alteration of the stops, in case the obscurity should be owing to their interposition. No such thing. We were therefore driven to guessing; and in the exercise of a—we trust—successful spirit of divination, we fancy that we have extracted the information, that the biography of a man is likely to make us better acquainted with him. But this is only a not abstruse fact, instead of a sufficient clue to the purpose of the work. Fortunately there is a second preface in the shape of a preliminary chapter. By comparing the two, and by supposing an aposiopesis after the words quoted, and by giving due weight to such a passage as—"Happy is the man who can glean from a quarto volume as many useful facts as will fill twenty pages," we have grounds for expecting extracts from the author's commonplace book bearing upon and enforcing the habits necessary for literary success.

The more the nature of a book allows of digression, the more necessary it is in the main to preserve the original intention. Make your circle as large as you like, but still keep it a circle. Let us be able on the completion of any part of our journey to look back and see that our route, however zigzag, has been in the right direction. A digression should always retain something of the character of an illustration. It should, however remotely, throw a light upon the object in view. But when an author, at the occasion of a chance word, starts aside to make irrelevant remarks about irrelevant people, the result is a jumble as wearisome as it is useless. We will open the present volume at random, and take, say the eighth chapter (we might take almost any other), headed "Plagiarism." Through the first six pages Mr. Pycroft trots along steadily enough, without even pricking his ears, until he shies at Sterne; then off he goes helter-skelter, with the bit between his teeth. As he hurries us through the remaining eleven pages, we get a glimpse of the Duke of Wellington, Sydney Smith, Sterne, Edmund Burke, Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Fielding, Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, Gil Blas, the Bishop of Lincoln, Thurlow, Wilberforce, Leigh Richmond, Hannah More, the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, Sir H. Davy, Sir Samuel Romilly, Swift, Bishop Watson, George III., Thomas Jackson, Bacon, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Lord Brougham, Pascal, Sir M. Hale, and Mr. Pycroft. This is pretty well, considering the space. But it is nothing compared to the variety of questions to which they owe their introduction. Amongst these are the association of genius with moral grandeur, indecency in expression (which includes cursing and swearing in print), infirmity of purpose, the want of moral object in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," the superiority of faith to genius, the pictorial uses of religion, the rhetorical uses of ditto, the propriety of religion in general, the impropriety of scepticism, the tendency of Dissenters to eventual conformity, and, last not least, the superior gentility of Sir W. Scott, which is asserted by the author as a climax to the whole in a short and very emphatic sentence. Now supposing that the discussion and solution of the above questions did teach something of the habits and opinions of men of letters, and thereby assist the reader to lay down a rule of conduct for himself, we very much doubt if it would not cost him far more mental effort to separate and digest a meal of such varied and incongruous diet,

* *Japanese Fragments, with Fac-similes of Illustrations by Artists of Yedo.* By Captain Sherard Osborn, C.B. (Bradbury and Evans.)

* *Ways and Words of Men of Letters.* By the Rev. James Pycroft, B.A. (London: Booth.)

bolted too in such an inconceivable hurry, than "to fill twenty pages with useful facts gleaned from a quarto volume." We will waive the minor point as to whether either the Duke of Wellington or King George III. can fairly be called men of letters.

As far as connectedness goes, the above is a fair sample of the whole. The arrangement, such as it is, must be attributed more to some association of ideas in the mind of Mr. Pycroft than to any very evident relation between succeeding parts. The phrases "with regard to," "as to," "on the subject of," "another instance of," "this will naturally suggest," soften down any abruptness in the transitions. Skipping even no more than a couple of lines is rendered impossible; or, if ventured upon, can only be done at the risk of laying down the book with some such impression as that Lord Brougham had in early life a violent passion for bell-ringing and dancing, and that Bunyan wrote an excellent letter of advice to Zackary Macaulay on the subject of the education of his son. Should one be short-sighted and overlook a full-stop, the result will be nearly the same.

When between his anecdotes and quotations Mr. Pycroft sets himself to work in person to enunciate his truths at some length, this particular inconvenience is of course avoided. But even there we have to object to the very questionable worth of some of the truths themselves. Take, for instance, what he says about poetry. He states that it is in less demand now than at former periods. So let it be. But amongst other reasons he gives the following:—"That we are tired of all the old similes, apostrophes, turns, and trickeries of verse." The proof or illustration of this is that two schoolmasters of his acquaintance—does Mr. Pycroft select gentlemen of this profession as exponents of public taste?—actually would not allow their boys to fill up their Latin verses with such tags as "Hippocrene," "Castalia," or "ad sidera jactans." We are quite willing to agree with the schoolmasters. We should certainly tear up the exercise of any fifth form, who showed up anything of the kind. But what, in the name of common sense, have the gradus-phrases of a copy of Latin longs and shorts to do with the decline of our taste for poetry? Even if we allow Mr. Pycroft his illustration, would he give the name of poetry at all to a composition, where these "old similes, apostrophes, turns, and tricks," were much used? We are tired of poetry, he says, because we are tired of these. If this proved anything, it would prove simply that we had acquired a purer taste, and were more likely to appreciate real poetry. The whole thing is too absurd for argument. It is perhaps worth noting that in default of these aids to inspiration, Mr. Pycroft finds poetry very much more difficult to write. Another reason put forward is that "The face of Dame Nature has been so often drawn—so frequently has the old lady sat for her likeness, in every mood and humour, &c., that it is hard to make the old lady look fresh and interesting any more." We submit that, as far as any meaning is concerned, the two sentences, "her face has been so often drawn," and "so frequently has she sat for her likeness," might have been compressed into one. Moreover, what has Dame Nature done that she should be patronised in this convivial way? If the author is accounting for an important fact, he might as well say what he has to say seriously; though, indeed, we can scarcely believe him to be serious; for can he be ignorant that in the present century, of all others, there is scarcely a recognised poet who has not presented us with pictures of

nature, as fresh and as vivid as those of the old masters of song? The laureate's descriptions of external objects, of lawn and mountain, sun and sky, move even the least fanciful reader almost as much as the very sight of the things themselves. There can be no greater proof than this of vivid word-painting. The proposition itself, that poetry is more scarce and less appreciated, may be left to the judgment of our readers. We will merely observe that on the former point Mr. Pycroft seems to contradict himself when in another place he applies to the present time the saying of Jeffrey, that there are ten thousand good verses published annually. If that is a scarcity, we should like to know what a plenty is. One more illustration, and we have done. The efficacy of varied reading in giving a command of language, is impressed upon us, quite seriously, by the consideration that people will, "after a smattering of church architecture, designate one friend as a specimen of Early English, another as Decorated, another as Gothic; and perhaps, after a month at geology, they will speak of peculiarities of character as 'cropping out.'" Now, in the first place, we demur to such a silly abuse being called a command of language. In the second, we don't believe that anybody could under any circumstances be fool enough to talk in this way, except as a joke—and a very bad one it would be. In the third place, we are quite sure, if they did, not a soul would understand them.

How much better it would have been if Mr. Pycroft had presented us with his materials in the form of a common-place book, "pur et simple," without any attempt at connectedness. A title at the head of each extract and a good index at the end of the whole, would have enabled the reader to find what he wanted without risk of confusion. But we suppose this plan would not have been ambitious enough. Human nature, or, more properly, authors' nature, abhors mere paste and scissors work. They do not remember how many dangers they escape when they have neither to propound views nor write English. The sentence which we have quoted as beginning the preface is not more clumsy and obscure than a great many others. This is particularly awkward for a writer on style. Readers are disinclined to accept the opinions of a man whose practice betrays so slight an acquaintance with his subject. In this case, as in others, example is far better than precept.

BOLLAERT'S ANTIQUITIES OF SOUTH AMERICA.*

A book like that of Mr. Bollaert, which possesses neither an index nor table of contents, is a trial of temper, and when we add that it is ill-constructed and not divided into chapters, with its separate divisions only imperfectly indicated by partial headings, the reader will be satisfied that this *rudis indigestaque moles* is not of the most attractive nature. Peru, Bolivia, Sarapaca, Chili, Ecuador, and New Granada, form the subjects of the work, which really contains much interesting matter, geographical, statistical, political, and ethnological, scattered over its closely-printed pages. While the author confines himself to plain speech, his style is clear enough; but whenever he attempts fine writing he becomes turgid, and passes the limits which divide sense from absurdity. We will content ourselves with one sample; he is describing Lima, "the

heaven of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of jackasses" (p. 137), and thereupon follows this grandiloquent passage:—

"Let the unsuspecting youth, particularly if he be a foreigner, beware in particular of the Calle dell Peligro, the street of danger—not from the stiletto, but from sparkling eyes, beautiful figures, and small feet; and, if he understands Spanish, he will be enchanted with syren song of the Zimena. Stevenson says that portion of the Plaza allotted to the flower-sellers is appropriately called the Calle dell Peligro, for here the gentle fair resort, and their gallant swains watch the favourable opportunity of presenting to them the choicest gifts of Flora. This locality, at an early hour in the morning, is truly enchanting. The fragrance of the flowers, their beauty and quality, and the concourse of lovely women, persuade a stranger that he has found the muses wandering in gardens of delight! The charming climate near the coast, the vicinity to the mountains, where all climates may be found, from the ever-during snow to perpetual sunshine, send their abundant and rich produce to this cornucopia of Ceres and Pomona."

The legends of the Chibchas, or Muiscas, are of considerable interest. One of them points to the universal tradition of the deluge, in which few nations have been found wanting. Chibchasum, angry at the excesses of the inhabitants of the table-land of Bogota, caused the waters of the Sabó and Jibito to deluge the country. The Chibchas implored Bochica's pardon, who appeared at sunset on a rainbow, and throwing down a rod of gold made a breach at Jequendano, and the waters went down (p. 13). We have also a legend of an American Atlas, for Bochica compelled Chibchasum to bear the burthen of the earth, and when the demon, tired of being in one position, shifts the weight from one shoulder to the other, according to his care in hoisting so is the intensity of the earthquake.

The worship of the sun was maintained in a sanguinary and dramatic manner, with processions and solemn dances, and the sacrifice of young prisoners. Adoration and offerings were also made to the lakes. There was an excellent custom of these people, which editors of newspapers would be glad now-a-days to revive towards subscribers who are not punctual in their payments. "The Usaque sent a messenger with a jaguar bred for this purpose, which was tied to the door of the debtor, who had to feed it as well as the messenger until the debt was paid" (p. 17). The slave slaying of the Romans, and widow burning of the Brahminical ritual, were here amplified, for with the Usagues were burned their favourite wives and a number of their retainers.

It is a matter of dispute from what quarter Peru was colonised, whether from the West, with Easter Island as a stepping stone, or by Tartars or Teztucans, from Asia, by way of Bhëring's Straits. There is an undoubted resemblance prevailing between the Esquimaux and Tierra dell Fuegians, between the western inhabitants of South America and the aborigines of Van Dieman's Land, and between the people of eastern South America and the African Hottentots—a fact of primary importance, if we are to accept the opinion of Sir H. Rawlinson, that physiognomy is a more accurate test of the origin of a people than philology. There are Carib affinities, however, with the Muiscas of Bogota.

The Isthmus of Panama is destined to form the great highway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and also to Australia, while good coal is found on Vancouver's Island, to facilitate the employment of steamers.

The Panama railway is 47 and a-half miles long; passenger trains run over it in three hours, goods trains in five. During the first

* *Antiquities, Ethnology of South America.* By W. Bollaert. (London: Trübner and Co. 1860.)

four years 121,820 passengers passed; upwards of thirty four millions sterling of gold and of silver, nearly six millions, was conveyed across it. Almost all the indigo and cochineal is now sent over the Panama railway, reaching England in less than thirty days; while, if sent by Cape Horn it would take four months. Coal, timber, guano, munitions of war, oars, heavy machinery, whale oil, cocoa, peruvian bark, are transported over the line. It has reduced the passage between England and British Columbia from six months to forty days, and its advantages to the trade of the west coast of America is incalculable, in conjunction with the West Indian Mail and Pacific Steam Navigation Companies, both lines possessing most efficient steamers.

In Western Veraquas, very curious painted stone monuments, tombs, and other remains of the ancient tribe of the Dorachos are found, covered with fantastic figures and representations of natural objects, differing entirely from the hieroglyphics of Mexico, or those of Central America. Large quantities of gold images, of beasts and birds, gilded breastplates, and trinkets, have been found in the Indian graves in the Chiriqui district; bats, frogs, eagles, or sacred macaws, armadillos, and small bees. Such ornaments, it is sad to reflect, led to the monstrous cruelties inflicted by Pizarro and his Spanish brigands. At Leiza, in New Granada, there are considerable remains of a vast temple of the sun, built by the ancient Indians—a circle of pillars, and a large rectilinear building; idols, caves, tombs guarded by colossal tigers, and calendar pillars of basalt, are also found, with vast stone tables for human sacrifice, inscribed with hieroglyphics which record a heaven of animals, and transformation of deities into rams and bulls, which reminds us of the Egyptian mythology. The hieroglyphical calendar, composed of toads, snails, snakes, baskets, circles, and rude characters, bears a similar analogy.

At Puerto Vigo the inhabitants had a singular estimation of beauty. They bored their nostrils, lips, ears, and cheeks for jewelled rings, drew their front teeth, and painted their bodies black. A Zambo element is found in the populations of Esmeraldas, Rioverde, and Incamez, for, according to tradition, a cargo of negro slaves escaped from the wreck of a Spanish ship, murdered all the men of the district, and married their wives and daughters (p. 82). In the tombs of Peruvians are found mirrors of the Gallinazo and Inca stone, the latter a composite metal; ornaments, pens, Inca-zodiacs, weapons, and gold masks, but none more curious than the relic found in the temple of the Virgins of the Sun, inscribed with a Maltese cross (p. 146).

The author deals not only in traditions, legends, and archeology, but gives us very curious historic memorials of the Incas and dynasties of the upper west coast of South America. His information on the geography of the country is minute, and of high value, being founded on personal exploration of the various countries. He takes us along the burning, sandy, saline, desert plains; mounts the Andean laderas; investigates the porphyrite coast of Iquique; rests in the salt-built houses of La Noria; passes under the shadow of haunted hills or sculptured rocks; wanders over places thickly sown with gold dust, metals, and precious jewels; startles herds of numberless alpacas and llamas, and wild droves of vicuñas and chinchillas; he is attacked by condors, discovers new volcanoes, watches the icy peaks of the Andes, sharply cut against a cloudless sky of the colour of deep indigo; he loiters in the fascinating streets of Lima, talks

of Pizarro and his bloody deeds in Peru, muses on the old weird worship of the Indians among the temple ruins and sacred groves of New Granada, and finally bids us farewell among the savage Patagonians and Centaur-like riders of the Pampas. With a convenient arrangement of its multifarious contents, and the addition of an index and division into chapters, the volume would lose its present chaotic appearance, that at first sight gives an impression of want of care and method, which its intrinsic value on a closer inspection is found not to deserve.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL, OF BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE.*

WHITELOCKE occupies no insignificant place among the statesmen of the Commonwealth. During that stormy period he held several public posts, and held them honourably. He was a man of great energy, but of extreme caution; of private integrity, and of as much public virtue as was compatible with the maintenance of sixteen children. He would never wittingly have done a dirty action, but his conscience generally allowed him to walk on the broad road of expediency, and did not often require him to ascend those sublime heights of virtue which are unscalable by ordinary mortals. The man who was thrice married, and had so large a family of children that the queen of Sweden exclaimed to him, "*Par Dieu, vous êtes incorrigible*," had given too many hostages to fortune to risk the loss of her favour. Not that Whitelocke was cowardly or mean-spirited—to affirm that would be impossible, in the face of his noble resolution with regard to Hollis, and his courage in declining to draw up the charge against Archbishop Laud; but he was simply not a hero, and had no taste for confiscation or martyrdom. It required no common skill in those days for a man of Whitelocke's position and feelings to avoid the slough and the pitfall between which he was critically placed. A lover of law, he was among the first to denounce the unconstitutional acts of the king; a lover of precedent and monarchy, he was but ill at ease among root and branch reformers and republicans. Once he was fairly duped by Charles, being weak enough to place reliance on the royal word, but he was generally extremely prudent, and far too wary to be taken at a disadvantage. Most of our readers will remember the remarkable conversation that took place one November night in St. James's Park between Cromwell and the Lord Commissioner—how Cromwell flatters him at the outset, and gradually attempts to draw forth his opinion of the step he was then proposing to take. After much winding round the point and many prudent remarks on the part of Whitelocke, the Lord General abruptly exclaims, "What if a man should take upon him to be king?" The reply is eminently characteristic of Whitelocke. Although high in the favour and service of the republic, he does not venture to hint that such an act would be one of treason against it, but contents himself with quietly remarking that the title of king would be of no advantage, as Cromwell possessed already full kingly power; that, "as things now are," he doubts whether it will be for his good; that it would alienate friends who have undergone all hazards for the sake of a commonwealth, and from the belief, in which he thinks them much mistaken, that under such a government "they shall enjoy more liberty

and right, both as to their spiritual and civil concerns, than they shall under a monarchy;" and the wily lawyer concludes by suggesting that Cromwell should make a private treaty with the King of Scots, by which he says, "you may secure yourself and your friends and their fortunes; you may make yourself and your posterity as great and permanent, to all human probability, as ever any subject was, and provide for your friends; you may put such limits to monarchical power as will secure our spiritual and civil liberties; and you may secure the cause in which we are all engaged." We can imagine the dignified contempt with which Cromwell must have listened to such counsel, and do not wonder that his intimacy grew cool for a time, and that "he no longer consulted his legal friend so frequently." Some years afterwards, when the times had changed, Whitelocke's views changed also, and he urged Cromwell to assume the title of king. "Great despondency as to the future," says the author of this memoir, "must have determined Cromwell to a refusal that in reality sealed England's destinies, and paved the way for the overthrow of his party." It is generally possible to distinguish between the man who changes his views from deliberate conviction and the man who, in changing them, is swayed by motives of expediency; it is especially easy to do so in the case of Whitelocke, for the narrative of his life is full of humiliating proofs of subserviency to the times. Often he tries hard to avoid degradation, but is seldom successful. As one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, he was required to be present at the trial of the king, but he escaped into the country. On the 1st of February, however—we quote from the memoir—"Whitelocke was deeply humiliated by the compulsion put upon him. In common with many members, he had to declare in a circuitous way that the late king's concessions respecting the proposed treaty of peace had been inadequate and unsatisfactory. Had he refused, he would have been instantly expelled." After this he was desired to draw up the Act of Abolition. He requested to be excused, but was compelled to yield at last. Yet it must be recorded to Whitelocke's honour that when, as one of the councillors of state, he was required to subscribe the test for approving all that the Parliament had done with respect to the execution of the king and the abolition of the House of Peers, he deliberately refused to sign the paper. It has amused us to see how Mr. Whitelocke salves over the humiliations of his ancestor. When the lawyer was forced to swear that he would uphold the "Solemn League and Covenant," his biographer says:—"Of a naturally grave and religious temperament, Whitelocke must have sighed at thus being made a Presbyterian against his will, and converted by the dire exigencies of party;" and in another place, in endeavouring to rid his hero from the plague-spot of fanaticism, he taints him with hypocrisy instead:—"If not actually disgusted with the ultra-religious tendencies of his own party, he could not sanction them in his heart, so neither could he openly thwart and oppose them. . . . It is only justice to Whitelocke to say that he threw off the yoke as soon as he possibly could, and would play a rubber of whist or go out hunting and fishing for the sake of recreation, like any other country gentleman, as soon as circumstances permitted the indulgence." Once again we shall allow the biographer to palliate Whitelocke's shortcomings as best he may. The following passage refers to his connection with the party of Sir Harry Vane:—

"Whitelocke, with a mind incensed against the

* *Memoirs, Biographical and Historical, of Bulstrode Whitelocke.* By R. H. Whitelocke. (Routledge and Co.)

willful and intemperate course of England's rulers, may have clutched, in a moment of despondency, at the faint image of power, now dimly assuming an indistinct outline; or he may have seen some sign of superior energy in the half-developed Independent party, and deemed their rise inevitable. Whatever his motives,—and they were doubtless strong, when he could thus dally with violent men like Vane, violent though sincere and honest,—one fact remains to plead in extenuation. He had a large family, and had little time left him to make provision for their future settlement in the world; he had moreover lost the prime of life through the intestine contentions that hitherto had blighted his prospects, and was partly convinced that the cause of monarchy was lost for many a year to come. He looked around him, and saw no king to rule; he would hear, at least, what plan republicans and Fifth-Monarchy men—or by whatever name fanatics of Vane's stamp were then called—had to propose. Again, for the sake of others, of those nearest and dearest to him, he found it expedient, after the danger he had just parried, to stand well with all the world, as far as this lay in his power. Acting as he did, not exclusively as a Parliamentarian, but as the father of a family and whose wife's health gave no promise of long life, or even survivorship, what moderate man of the present day would throw the first stone at him? Is there any liberal thinker that does not coincide with a declaration he often made, that the first and most sacred duty of a man is to take care of his own family? To this duty patriotism, under certain circumstances, must yield."

To many a public man it has proved the worst misfortune to meet with a biographer, and although Mr. Whitelocke has given the world a readable and instructive memoir, it may well be doubted whether he has conferred any honour on the Lord Commissioner by so doing. The book in itself is an acquisition to our literature, and affords much interesting information which will be new to most readers.

ICELAND, ITS VOLCANOES, GEYSERS AND GLACIERS.*

SENECA, in a prophetic strain, foretold that the time should come when "nec sic terris ultima Thule." The first reliable notice of that old marvel of geographers was furnished incidentally by Saxo Grammaticus, and more practically by Gardar, a Swede, who in 864 wintered on the "Island," and on his return home related his discovery of a strange people, who spoke a northern language, were Christians, and, probably, the descendants of a Celtic immigration in the 5th century. The mere conjecture that Iceland was peopled by British or Irish settlers (p. 54), imparts a keen relish to any work relating to that distant island. Columbus, according to Humboldt, in his voyage from Bristol, in 1447, visited Iceland. It is curious to turn to a country one-fifth larger than Ireland, and yet possessing a population of not more than 50,000 persons, who are divided into only two classes, that of fishermen and the pastoral; the latter export knitted stockings and mittens to Denmark; wool, dried cod, kippered salmon, eider down, oil and tallow form the other products (p. 312). The simple parish priest in coarse woollen jacket and trousers, and boots of hide, mows grass, digs turf, and shoes horses, a smithy being attached to every parsonage. Many of the peasantry can talk Latin, the study of which they combine, during the long winter when their cottages are snowed up, with the recitation of national ballads (pp. 160, 306, 309). Towards the close of the 9th century a number of Norwegian emigrants escaping from the tyranny of their king, "Harold the fair-haired," settled in this remote refuge, followed by a second immigra-

tion under Ingolf (p. 52), and as their dialect has been preserved pure to this day, it forms the standard of the Scandinavian language; it is the original Norse, while Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, have acquired no slight tinge of the Teutonic. The early settlers declared that the rivers swarmed with fish, and "the grass dropped butter" (p. 51). In A.D. 981 Christianity was introduced, and established in A.D. 1000, the first school dating from the middle of the 11th century; within fifty years Bishop Islef introduced the Roman character instead of Runes; in 1264 the island became subject to Norway, when no man was allowed to possess more land than he could surround by fire in one day, but in 1387 was transferred to Danish rule. The Benedictine monks of Thingrya were a very learned community. Ara Frode, in the 11th century, compiled an Icelandic Doomsday. The Icelandic Scalds wandered over Europe, the Holy Land, and northern shores of Africa (p. 61). Snoro Sturleson, one of the compilers of the "Edda," and historian of Norway, in his "Heimskringla," p. 129, and Jon Ericksen, were Icelanders; and literary societies of great merit have maintained to the present time the old reputation of the islanders for attachment to their national history and general literature. There is an amusing anecdote on record that the Althing, or National Assembly, vented their anger against a piratical king of Denmark, by decreeing that there should be as many lampoons written against him as there were headlands in his country (p. 90). Gunhbiörn first discovered the mountains of Greenland, a name given by way of a political euphemism to that country by Eric the Red in 986 (p. 571), who subsequently made a landing on Labrador (p. 59), and at Vine Land, probably the site of New York.

The tall stature, the fair hair, the florid complexion, and frank open countenance of the Icelanders are proofs of their Scandinavian origin; but leprosy, pulmonary complaints, meagre diet, and an ungenial climate, render them short-lived. Butter, milk, dried cod's head, and Iceland moss are their staple food (bread being imported from Europe), turf their common fuel. Huge masses of ice forming a compact belt of 30 miles in breadth, drifted from Greenland, causing not only intense cold, and destroying the grass crops (p. 25), but frequently bringing over polar bears, which inflict great losses among the cattle (p. 40). On the other hand, near Buda, the Gulf Stream renders the climate temperate, and floats up masses of drift timber, which form building materials and bituminous wood (surturbrand) used as fuel (p. 190). Reindeer abound; but there are no forests, the birch trees seldom exceeding ten feet in height. The population is spread round the fiords in marshy valleys, where the rank grass supports the cattle and flocks, but the majority are scattered over detached cottages and farms. Vast death-like solitudes, tracts of lava and volcanic sand; mountains covered with snow and glaciers (yökulls), and burning below with internal fires and gloomy lakes, extending over one-tenth of the surface, form the desert and inaccessible interior. Such is the nature of the country which was till recently illustrated only by the travels of Dr. Henderson, Von Troil, Barrow, and Sir George Mackenzie, and more recently by Ida Pfeiffer, when Lord Dufferin in his amusing yacht voyage drew attention to it. We have now before us an account of the most interesting visit ever recorded, that of Commander Forbes, R.N., in a volume beautifully illustrated, and on the whole agreeably written, faults of language and offences

against good taste excepted, such as "in-describable ecclesiastical daubs and other church properties" (p. 189). We cannot suffer such expressions and words as the following to pass without animadversion, e.g., "utilisation," "ramming," "riled," "chicken-fixins," "lashens," "got-up," "stern parients," "Pall Mall inanition," "fixings," "location," or the coarseness which is to be found in pp. 275, 23, "a torrent debouching from its bowels" &c. (pp. 28, 120).

The Danish terminations "holm," "oe," "ness," "fell," "dall," &c., remind us of a similar geographical nomenclature in the lake district and on the east coast of England, and we regret that communication is rare between this country and the interesting island which Commander Forbes visited, it being limited to a fishing-boat, or the Danish and Reykjavik packet, which plies only about four times in a year. Our traveller availed himself of the steamer, and visited the Faroes on his way, passing Dimon islets, where on his annual visit the clergyman is hauled up the inhospitable rock by ropes (p. 16), and having a view of the lonely Westmanns, with their magnificent cascades (p. 29), where the puffin forms the staple food, and corn-brandy the favourite beverage of the inhabitants. Upon these islands in 1419 a number of Englishmen established themselves into a piratical colony (p. 66). The first intimation that he was near the end of his voyage was given by the roar of breakers, such as those which rolled back in fury when the nucleus of this volcanic isle was upheaved ages since from the depths of the ocean. The island is in the shape of a flat ascending arch, reaching the height of 754 yards at the centre, the Sprengisand, where the waters diverge north and south. The deep and narrow fiords are banked in by huge under layers of lava; fogs and mists obscure the tempestuous and iron-bound coast; black, angry, watery clouds sit upon the crests of the ice-hills; steam rises from the sulphureous district of Krisuvik, the vast pyramidal hill of Honna, the deep caves of Surtshellir, the fearful pass of Bulardshofdi (p. 204), the slaty-blue boiling mud cauldrons, ash-cones, craters, and hills covered with crimson and orange moss and lichen, diversify the scene. The romantically-named Guldbringa Syssel "gold-bringing," derives its designation not from any auriferous "diggings," but from its golden cod-harvests.

Commander Forbes gives us an animated and graphic account of these and other natural features of the country he appears to have undergone a series of inconveniences, as inns there are none; the roads are positively a series of snares and dangers; and Icelanders take no account of time, and act under the impression that travellers' baggage was made to be destroyed; the fare, on the contrary, was not only diversified but good, including golden plover, salmon, rare grey trout, ptarmigan, snipe, duck, and similar delicacies; a cavalcade of baggage ponies formed the means of transit, and the strangers' room, a bunk in the common sleeping apartment of the farm-house, or a church (p. 180), formed the usual place of repose. Commander Forbes's personal equipment comprised "Michelet's L'Amour, a tooth brush, a square of brown Windsor, a flannel shirt, and a pair of stockings" (p. 180). Dog Latin and a few Danish and Icelandic phrases, formed his vocabulary. At Stadraum he was put to bed and kissed when couchant by the daughters of his host, the M.P. for the Syssel (p. 184). In the Strokr a large geyser ("the rager"), he cooked a supper for some guests in his

* *Iceland, its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers.* By C. S. Forbes. (London: Murray, 1861.)

shirt (p. 240), the mutton being done to a turn; but an unfortunate ptarmigan was reduced to rags. It is observable that a bishop of Skalholt, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was the first who mentioned these volcanic fountains and cascades. Our traveller was disappointed with Hecla, owing to its deficiency in height and picturesqueness (p. 269); and he describes the lava streams as a wine merchant invoices his port wine. Skapta-Yökull (p. 277) appears to have been a far more terrible enemy to the island than the more famous mountain, for in one eruption it destroyed twenty villages, 9,000 human beings, and 150,000 cattle. The first eruption on record occurred at Orafa-Yökull in 894. Commander Forbes informs us that the island boasted in former times churches of stone (p. 21), of which some few alone remain, as at Holum and Skalholt; but unfortunately he does not describe them. The only antiquities which he mentions are the foundations of the Hof, Snorro's Bath, and the St. Martin's Well; but he gives us several interesting legends, those of "Thorgumna" (p. 316), the "Berserker Brothers" (p. 213), "Sæmundr, the Learned" (p. 291), "Asmundr, the Traveller" (p. 171), the "Cave Men" (p. 150), and the "Utilegu Men" (p. 169). The popular superstition of keeping a coffin ready made (p. 162) is, we presume, peculiar to Iceland, like that wonderful feat of the blue foxes knitting their tails together, like so many Brazilian apes, to catch the puffins (p. 218). The vitrified lava rampart of the Ellborg (fire castle) deserves to have a legend. Commander Forbes informs us that Paisley kerchiefs adorn the fair maids of Iceland, that Scotchmen are engaged largely in the export of salmon, and Englishmen in the working of the sulphur banks (pp. 120, 110). We rejoice to think that Iceland is, by an Order of Council, considered our "stranger friend" (p. 69), and that an English traveller will find in that distant country warm hospitality, although he may not find reason to endorse its patriotic proverb—"Iceland is the best land on which the sun shines" (p. 7).

NEW NOVELS.

Lady Elinor Mordaunt. By Margaret Maria Gordon. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.) "Human nature," says Addison, "appears a very deformed or a very beautiful object, according to the different lights in which it is viewed." We beg leave to dissent on this point from the usually profound spectator, inasmuch as we conceive that it is the portion viewed, rather than the light in which we regard it, that creates the difference. The authoress of "*Lady Elinor Mordaunt*" dissents in another, and perhaps more excellent, way. Acknowledging the weakness and sinfulness of man, she yet ends by casting her own light upon all the dark objects, and makes the principal characters of her story useful, God-fearing people. We have called it a story advisedly. It has no pretensions to be styled a novel, in the ordinary sense of the word. And yet there is sufficient incident to carry us on through the by-paths of theory and moralising, which lead to the happy end. When we say that we should be proud to know the people she introduces us to, and can even recognise in them many portraits of honourable men and women, we declare all the opinion we intend to give of the volume as a work of art, and proceed to view it, as it is in fact, viz.—a collection of little sermons and essays on things in general. The most vehement and the longest, in that it pervades the whole book, is directed against the exclusiveness of the aristocracy, and tends

to prove them but a pitiable race after all. A millowner is, on the whole, greatly to be preferred. Happily, however, even some of earth's nobles are God's nobles also. But it appears that it is the letter *m*, and not God's non-respect of persons, that is the cause of their hope of salvation as a class. She was reading that verse in the Bible where it is said that "not many noble" are called into God's kingdom, and she thanked God with tears in her eyes for that *m*, because it might have been "not any noble." Might it? We think not. If that possibility be allowed, the great gospel scheme partially fails. A hundred scriptures prove that it *could* not have been. But we must turn to the more social topics with which this book deals. The question of Teetotalism is perhaps the one which is most thoroughly ventilated. The authoress generously allows one of her best characters to assume the part of opponent to the principle of taking the pledge, but she is speedily crushed by another excellent character of greater worldly experience. We must say, however, that we think that the defender of the moderate enjoyment of gifts which have been sent for the use of man, has the best of it, although she does not support her case by all the arguments that might be suggested, nor return some obvious answers to the weighty reasonings of her correspondent. We have no doubt that good has in some measure been effected by the movement. Some homes have been made happier, and some men better. But still we consider it wrong in principle, not to speak of the great harm it has done by making those who are too weak to keep the pledge thoroughly, doubtful of their self-respect. Moderation, of course, is to be enjoined, but abnegation of the use of the vine, under all circumstances, is an act of thanklessness to the Giver, and of great moral cowardice. We cannot conceive how it can be justifiable for a clergyman to publicly take the pledge (as is now so frequently done), and thereby practically own to his parishioners that he is afraid of his tendencies towards strong liquor, and prefers having his own word and strength instead of the word and strength of God to keep him straight. The "weak brother" argument, which would be the natural answer to our remarks, does not recommend itself to us as justifying a man who considers himself a popular example showing himself to be weak after a most unchristian fashion. This is not being all things to all men, but rather some things to some. By all means let a man, if he chooses, confine himself to cold water, but let him "swear not at all." There have been many instances of people staying too long in the water, and cramp and death ensuing; but we hardly think that the rashness of such individuals would justify a national oath against bathing. If, however, an anti-ablution society were to conclude that seas and rivers were intended solely for commerce and beauty, or sewers and separation, we should merely pity their weakness if they only proceeded to adopt a resolution to that effect, but if they bound themselves by oath to bathe no more, we should reprobate them as selling their powers of conviction to the impulse of a present fervour. Man may resolve, but as an individual, he may not take any oath with himself, which is all the pledge-takers can be said to do, inasmuch as they are in no way a corporate body, being banded together for the simple purpose of keeping their sacrament. Another subject which our authoress plentifully discusses is the work-house system of sending out girls of twelve or thirteen years of age to service. With all that she says on this point we cordially

agree. Better no start in life for a young girl than such a false start as that. Undeveloped in bodily powers, untrained in mind, unskilled in the duties allotted to them, they almost inevitably break down. Well for them and for England if it result only in a constitutional failure, but ill even then for the falsely-economic guardians of the poor. The many admirable homes and training schools which now exist are so many steps in the right direction, and furnish a hint which it were well that the Poor Law Board should not neglect. The domestic servants of our farmers and middle-classes appear to be drawn to a great extent from the source above indicated; it becomes therefore a point of great national importance that such as are intended for this service should be educated in every sense of the word, educated in physical stature, in the principles of morality and the fear of God, and in the mode of performing the duties which will fall to their lot. That small tradesmen prefer young girls because they require no wages, is not for a moment to be considered in viewing the question. State interests are to be placed before all others. Many a Jamaica planter had preference for servants who required only house-room and food; but Wilberforce, Brougham, and the British Parliament said "No." There are many other interesting topics which are treated with varied ability, but always with cheerfulness, in the volume before us. There appears indeed sometimes an aspiration after too great purity and simplicity for our complex humanity, too fierce a despising of those who require outward aids to their faith or their charity. The authoress even inclines to the opinion that the apostles would have absolutely refused to enter a church whose designers had been much given to ornamental fonts and painted windows. But though there is an occasional extravagance, there is much that is sensible and good conveyed in a fairly interesting form. The quotations with which the chapters are headed are not the least entertaining portions of the book. The Bible, and the works of Shakspeare, and Mrs. Browning, appear to be the text-books of the authoress; and very aptly does she place side by side the magnificent lines of the Hebrew poets or the wisdom of Solomon, with some of the excellences of profound modern thought.

POETRY.

Cottage Carols. By John Swain. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) It has often been a difficulty to critics to review with strict honesty the works of the poor among the people. A touch of pity stays the uplifted hand; a sentiment is deemed great simply because it is praiseworthy, as coming from a self-taught man; in fact, a comparative instead of a positive view is too generally taken. That all should be free to enter the lists, and that strange warriors should have more courtesy shown them than can be popularly accorded to the well-tried veterans, we readily grant. We would not hit hard where the spirit is brave and good but the armour unproved. Still, we must express our conviction that the publication of such a volume as that which is before us can be of no possible service to the world, the author, or the publishers. That it is unintentionally comic is but a negative merit; it serves to render it light reading for a time; but, to speak like a book, the pleasure derived from the foibles of others is very unwholesome. Mr. Swain assures us in his preface that his former volume, "*The Harp of the Hills*," has had "no small measure of success;" we therefore have no compunction in saying that the blank-verse preludes with which he introduces each of his carols are the very oddest compositions we ever met with. The carols themselves, though in no wise brilliant, are rhythmical, and, for the most part, perfect in

rhyme; for which latter quality we give our most hearty commendation, it being one not commonly exhibited now, even by far better poets. But the preludes are, as we said before, something to wonder at. The modern muse has, we know, become very colloquial in her expressions, but if she really presided at the birth of the following, we think a series of cold-baths in Helicon would improve her health:—

"Mary hath busy been this last half-hour
Putting the room to rights, as if the thought
Of making all things tidy, and that only,
Had any place in her. Now, all how neat!
What! going out? mind, Mary, the night air!"

There are many others equally funny. There are passages, too, in the carols themselves, for which, if the muse alluded to is responsible, she had better take "Shirley's" advice and never write again. Witness the following light chaff on the part of Winter in addressing Summer:—

"Pray tell me, Summer, should I make a blunder,
Were I to ask if you know how to thunder?
Heard you none ever say, 'how very frightening'
Your wildly-flashing, rapid, ragged lightning?
Have you no sort of general idea
That there is such a thing as diarrhœa?"

We presume, from the subscription list appended, that Mr. Swain is a postman, most of his patrons having the honorary initials G.P.O. attached to their names. If this be so, of course his occasional mental aberrations may be readily pardoned. If, however, he should happen to be attached to the dead letter office, where doubtless a copy of the "Rejected Addresses" is kept, we should advise him to read attentively that instructive work, and thereby learn what is not poetry.

Songs of the Covenant Times. By an Ayrshire Minister. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.) To those who know nothing about the subject, the somewhat lengthy preface to this volume will afford concise and fairly impartial information. Unfortunately, the verse is not so good as the prose. Ballads commemorating the deeds and recalling the spirit of those times should be very stirring and forcible. They were times of deep-hating and deep-loving, days of fierce rough-riding over the people and stern rebellion against kings. But although this is implied in the ballads before us, it is not spiritually expressed. The poems have neither the dash and pathos of Aytoun, nor the uncompromising godliness of Macaulay's Naseby soldier. And yet there is a certain picturesqueness about many of them which makes them worth reading. The author has evidently not yet discerned what is the true limit of the familiar style in poetry; proper names are introduced in a way which would be comical, were it not for the sadness of the subject; but still there are occasionally very good lines, particularly where the questionable "bonniness" of Dundee is set forth with true Presbyterian causticism.

SHORT NOTICES.

Sabbath Evening Readings in the New Testament, Hebrews. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. F.R.S.E., &c. (Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1861.) It is very curious, in reading various commentaries upon the same portions of Holy Writ, to observe the very various aspects which the same words must present to the minds of the different authors. It is easy enough, of course, to account for this. Difference of education and of position, and circumstances of many kinds, all tend to bring about difference of opinion, and cause one man to put one construction upon a passage, and another man to lean towards another. We can readily, too, comprehend how it is that one writer may deem one point of great importance, to which another may attach comparatively but little weight; and again, how he may slur over another point, which others may consider worthy of the most elaborate investigation. The churchman and the presbyterian, the scholar and the mere book-maker, will approach the same subject in different frames of mind, with different notions of the way in which it is to be treated, and with different ideas as to where to look for authorities for the settling of difficulties. But there is, at any rate, one thing which we may well look for at the hands of every one who considers himself capable of

writing a commentary upon an epistle of St. Paul, and that is, that he should at least take some notice of passages which are of acknowledged difficulty, and upon which very deep-thinking and learned men have expended many hours of anxious thought and study, without satisfying themselves with the result at which they arrive after all. In the Epistle to the Hebrews there are several passages of this kind—passages to which we naturally turn to see what the would-be commentator has to say upon them. Of such a nature are verses 15-17 of chap. ix., with regard to the rendering of the word *diathēnē*. This passage, which was pronounced by the late Professor of Greek at Cambridge to be "perhaps the most perplexing in the whole of the New Testament," is dismissed by Dr. Cumming with almost no comment at all; and a point which has cost the really learned long and anxious consideration, is passed over by our pretentious author as worth no trouble whatever. "The grand question upon which the difficulty turns, is whether *diathēnē* is to be understood of a *covenant* or a *testament*," says one whose knowledge of Holy Scripture was great, and whose learning was only exceeded by his piety; and then he proceeds to argue it out. "What is the Gospel called? The Testament, *testamentum*; the covenant, the agreement, the pledge, the legacy, if you like to call it," says Dr. Cumming, too shallow to see where the difficulty lies, or too vain to allow his admirers to perceive that there actually is a difficulty which he cannot solve. Or take for another example the first verse of this same chapter. The rendering of the words *τὸ ἀγίον ἱερὸν* has puzzled many. Both *ἀγίον* and *ἱερὸν* are adjectives, though one of them must be taken as a substantive. Bishop Middleton, in his well-known work, pronounces that the position of the article determines that *ἱερὸν* must be so taken; and he renders the words the *holy furniture*, each of the three words being wrongly translated in the common version. Dr. Cumming finds no difficulty, but adopts without hesitation the rather unintelligible rendering of the authorised version, explaining a *worldly sanctuary* as "a visible, material sanctuary." In this way of understanding the passage, he has certainly many at his side; though, as a commentator, he should have taken the trouble of noticing the difficulty, especially as he makes no small pretension to knowledge of Greek, and treats us to no less than seventeen pages of "critical remarks" upon Heb. vi., and parses several verses for our especial edification. Most commentators, again, have found it necessary to exercise some thought with regard to the statement respecting Melchizedec in chap. vii. Some have even supposed him to have been our Lord himself. Dr. Wordsworth has a highly instructive and suggestive note upon the passage. Dr. Cumming contents himself with finding a parallel to it in Horace's *nullis parentibus natus*; which, he naively adds, "does not mean that the man (of whom Horace speaks) had no parents, but simply that he had no aristocratic forefathers." But it is needless to adduce other proofs of the reverend doctor's total incapacity for the task which he has undertaken. We should very far exceed our limits if we attempted to point out a tithe of the passages in which it is doubtful whether his ignorance of what is required as a commentator or his self-sufficiency is the most apparent. But in some parts this work seems to be less a commentary upon the Epistle to the Hebrews than an exposition of the author's peculiar views upon matters unconnected with the subject in hand. It is now about two centuries and a half ago (we speak from memory, and cannot be quite exact,) that Isaac de Pereira published a small volume upon Rom. v. 14, and argued from that text that though Adam was the first sinner, he was not the first man. His book was burned by the hands of the public executioner in Paris. Some nameless author about this time last year also wrote a little book, and peopled this world of ours with a pre-Adamite race of men, relics of whom we are supposed to discover entombed in the strata of the earth. He thus accounts for the worked flints found in gravel somewhere, which created a sensation in geological circles a little while ago. Dr. Cumming also finds inhabitants previous to the present race of men for this planet, in order to account for the prevalence of death among the Saurian monsters. His inhabitants, however, are

not men, but angels; and he adduces a further argument for his position, "namely, that Satan—that is, the fallen head-angel—comes into Paradise and speaks and talks as if he had some grudge—some old grudge—against the twin parties that were there." This our author thinks of such importance that he prints it twice over in his volume. We wonder whether the reader will think it worth the trouble of repeating. But we have said enough of Dr. Cumming—too much, in fact, already. Some parts of the book, in which he confines himself to plain and practical exhortation, are passable enough; but as a commentary upon the Epistle to the Hebrews, it is of course utterly worthless. There is, as was to be expected, still the same spitefulness against the Pope and everything belonging to him, which forms so great, and, we must suppose, so attractive a feature to some minds, in all Dr. Cumming's works. It seems rather hard, but he cannot—for instance p. 208—even mention the name of Satan without a hit at his Holiness, introduced without the slightest pretext. "For Satan," he says, "does not pretend to be what the Pope professes to be—infallible." We are sorry if our remarks have appeared to be harsh with regard to this work. We have spoken, or rather written, that which we deemed to be necessary; and have certainly set down nought in malice. Had Dr. Cumming approached his task with the reverent feeling which we cannot help considering to be among the chief requisites in one who takes upon himself to write a commentary upon any part of Holy Scripture—had there been a little more humility and a little less of self in this pretentious volume—we should have hesitated longer before we expressed our opinion so plainly. As it is, we really feel that we could hardly have spoken too strongly; and we can only regret that so many are found willing to pin their faith to one who has so little right to their confidence.

A Second Series of Curious-Storyed Traditions of Scottish Life. By Alex. Leighton. (Edinburgh: Wm. P. Nimmo.) In the spring of last year Mr. Leighton's work, to which the above forms a sequel, was reviewed in this journal. The interest of many of the tales in that volume was peculiar and intense. There was just so much truth in the traditions recorded as to add to the effect of the fictitious incidents with which they were interwoven, and some of them possessed the additional charm of being associated with recent events, and with living actors. The vivid power of description possessed by Mr. Leighton caused us to deal gently with those minor faults which detract from the writer's merit as a story-teller. Yet we alluded to the folly of which the author was guilty in disfiguring his style with absurd Scotticisms, and expressed the hope that in a second edition of the work he would have the good sense to exchange them. We conclude, however, that Mr. Leighton is proud of the vulgarity to which we have alluded, as he has now repeated it, not only in the dramatic portion of the "Tales," in which it might prove effective, but also in the observations which he has made in his own person. It is just possible that Mr. Leighton is too much of a Scotoman to be even conscious of the error to which we have alluded. There is, however, another error which he should have had taste enough to avoid. His style is sometimes ridiculously inflated, and in attempting "fine writing" he fails ignominiously. For instance, in describing a girl's feelings on the discovery of her lover's faithlessness, he says:—"Nor would it have appeared wonderful—if we had known more of the inside of that heaving breast, wherein a heart was too obedient to those magic chords, with their minute capillaries spread over the tympanum—that Marjory was as mute and pale as a statue of marble. . . . Nor shall those who know the nature of woman have any difficulty in supposing that not more carefully does nature guard in the bosom the physical organ of the affections, than she concealed the feelings which had for that fortnight eaten into the vital tissues of her being." This young lady, whose "vital tissues" are thus unpleasantly attacked, is described in another place as delighting "to supply vacant hearts with the fervours of her friendship, and to ameliorate evils by the appliances of her humanity." Such passages might be easily multiplied, and if Mr. Leighton wishes us

to point out another instance of what in all charity must be termed bombastic twaddle, we refer him to a description of "our household divisions," on the 281st page of the volume. The defects we have mentioned, though not unimportant in a literary point of view, do not detract from the amusement our readers will derive from the tales contained in this second series of traditions. "The College Porter of St. Andrews" may be "over true," but it is at best a foolish story. The other tales are of a higher order, and teem with exciting incidents, while they give large evidence of imaginative power. We commend our readers to a solitary midnight perusal of the "House in Bell's Wynd." Never did blacksmith make such a nocturnal journey as George Gourlay; and when, at the very climax of his terrible discoveries, his candle goes out, we almost wonder that the poor wretch did not instantly become demoted. "The Bride of Bell's Tower" is a wild, romantic story, in which an elvish maiden, yclept "Devil Isabel," performs a part in strict accordance with her pleasing title. This is on the whole, perhaps, the best tale in the volume; but the traditions, which we pass by without mention, are told with great felicity, and will scarcely fail to absorb the attention of the most unimaginative reader.

Annals of the Rescued. By the author of "Haste to the Rescue." (Nisbet and Co.) This book is written by a lady, the wife of the vicar of a parish in Shrewsbury. As a literary production, it will hardly call for any notice; it is but an account of the successful results of a total abstinence society, established by the author in the town in which she resides. The association was first set on foot in January, 1858, and numbers now no fewer than a thousand members, of whom nearly seven hundred are adults, representatives of all classes being found among them. But it is more than a mere temperance association; it is essentially a religious society, the members of which meet several times every week for religious purposes, and look upon their pledge more from a religious than a moral point of view. From the facts adduced in this volume, there is no doubt but that this society has already been productive of very much good in the locality in which it is placed. The religious, moral and healthful effects of its working upon the lives of its members have been very great. Yet, notwithstanding all this—notwithstanding that "many a good wife and mother" has pronounced her "teetotal baby to be the best of the lot"—we must have still stronger arguments before we can give in our adhesion to those who are so averse to a moderate use of those things which we believe that God has given to His creatures to enjoy, that they would not even "have much faith in any medical man who prescribed them" to a patient. If a man cannot stop at a glass or two of wine, but must needs finish the whole bottle, by all means let him abstain in toto. But, for ourselves, we must confess that we can see no reason why moderation must of necessity lead to excess; and we are compelled to own that we are much more inclined to agree with Dean Woodward and Mr. G. H. Lewes, the former of whom, in his recent tract on "The Principle of Total Abstinence according to the Example of Christ," and the latter in his "Physiology of Common Life," have demonstrated respectively the liberty we possess of using wine and such like drinks, and the benefit resulting from a moderate indulgence in them. This, however, is but an opinion; and Mrs. Wightman is free to keep hers. We fully acknowledge the great good which she has been the means of effecting, and we trust that every blessing may still rest upon her labours.

True Manhood: Its Nature, Foundation, and Development. A Book for Young Men. By William Landels, Minister of Regent's Park Chapel. (Nisbet and Co. 1861.) This volume is composed, the author tells us, to a considerable extent, of lectures delivered by him to young men's associations in various parts of the country; and if his auditors have appreciated the lectures at their real value, this little book will have a ready sale. It is but very rarely that we have met with a collection of addresses of this nature so thoroughly good and instructive, and withal so readable, as this. The author writes for young men upon subjects important to be considered by young men; and the

style which he has adopted is one than which, to our way of thinking, a better could hardly have been found. There is a genuine, a manly, and a healthy tone about it, precisely suited to the nature of the topics discussed. The writer's object is to rouse the youth of the present generation to a sense of the real dignity of their position; to teach them self-knowledge and self-respect; to open their eyes to what manhood—true manhood—is, to what it is intellectually, morally, and spiritually—to be a man. The great mistake usually committed in treating upon such subjects is, that such addresses are much too dry. In order to effect that which may be effected by lectures to young men, and addresses to the working classes, and so forth, it is not necessary to make them, as some one says, like cake with all the plums taken out—an unpalatable mass of dough, insipid enough to choke one. Addresses to young men, delivered after the work of the day is over, are intended to a certain extent to stand to them in the light of a recreation; but this is, in the sight of many excellent people, such a solemn concern, that such means of recreation as happen to have a little pleasure in them must be avoided; and the consequence is, that their lectures, &c., are generally drier than the driest of sermons. The reader will not find the present volume to be of this kind. It is such as we can most conscientiously recommend to the perusal of all. It is very well and ably and earnestly written, full of interest, sound thought, and apt illustration; nor can any one read it with the attention it deserves without becoming, or at least feeling that it is his own fault if he do not become, a wiser, a better, and a more "manly man."

England's Yeomen; From Life in the Nineteenth Century. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. Eighth Thousand. (Seeley, Jackson and Halliday.) Miss Charlesworth's "Ministering Children" proved so extremely popular, that it at least paved the way to a temporary popularity for any future works from her pen. The little book now before us has already had a large sale, though its merits are by no means of a high order. Yet it affords a simple and truthful picture of English rural life, and the example of Stephen is one which may serve as a model to English farmers. We observe that an old and innocent superstition about bees, namely, that when any sorrow happens to a family, they will forsake their hives unless informed of it, is more than once alluded to by Miss Charlesworth, not as a rural fancy, but as a real event. Before Margery's death we are told "the bees had given warning of the loss, alighting in a swarm upon the ground at Margery's feet, the last time she walked out with Elsie. But Elsie had not told them of the sorrow that had come, and all the bees forsook the hive or died in it. Margaret, at the church farm, told hers, and they stayed as before." This pretty myth seems somewhat out of place in so matter-of-fact a volume as "England's Yeomen."

Noble Traits of Kingly Men, &c. (James Hogg and Sons.) The matter of this book is of a higher character than we should have been disposed to imagine from a glance at the title, which is long and feeble. The volume is of a class which we suppose is popular, for it is unquestionably increasing; and is designed to illustrate a few notable epochs in history by a rapid glance at their leading features, and by biographical sketches of the men whom, after the fashion of Emerson, we may term "representative." The pictures which are brought up before us in succession in this well-written and readable volume are composed with much appreciative feeling, and in a free and generous spirit. More than this we cannot say. The book touches on familiar topics, and though it treats them well, it contains no special points on which critical comment is necessary. "Hildebrand," "The Crusades," "Luther," "The Pilgrim Fathers," "Columbus," are worthy themes, no doubt; but to elicit fresh truth from any one of them in the short space allotted in this volume, would require more skill than its anonymous author possesses. Subjects so familiar form at best but dangerous ground for the literary artist.

Royal Insurance Company's Almanack for 1861. The choice resources of the typographic and lithographic arts have been lavished upon this handsome

little volume; but it possesses intrinsic merits irrespective of meretricious embellishment, which entitle it to a place among our most useful works of reference. In addition to the usual calendar, &c., there is a lucid exposition, illustrated by coloured diagrams, of the principles on which the Royal Insurance Company is conducted, and by virtue of which it has attained its present high and flourishing position. This contribution is from the pen of the able actuary, Mr. Percy M. Dove, and is well worthy of being consulted, not only by those who are interested as shareholders or policy-holders in the Royal, but by all concerned in the wholesome and successful development of the insurance system, which now enters so largely into our social and commercial economy. Among the novelties which enrich this almanack, are a carefully-prepared chronicle of events connected with the war in Italy, during 1859, and an epitome of the war in 1848-9, including some remarkable episodes, which we are glad to see thus preserved.

THE MAGAZINES.

"Gentleman's Magazine," January, 1861. Sylvanus Urban this month makes a practical appeal to the various Archaeological Societies, recommending them, for their own sakes, to furnish reports of their meetings to his pages. We trust that they will take the hint. The principal article is entitled "Some Illustrations of the Sixteenth Century, from the records of the County of Middlesex." The "Antiquarian and Literary Intelligencer" is, perhaps, not of its average interest, and we heartily regret to see a most virulent critique on Mr. Fergusson's "Handbook of Architecture," couched in language familiar to the readers of a weekly contemporary which does not enjoy a good name for courtesy. Mr. Freeman's name is most gratuitously and prominently introduced into the question, and his views extolled to the prejudice of Mr. Fergusson. The dispute between that gentleman and Mr. Robertson terminates, we hope, with a letter from the latter written in good taste.

"The Art Journal." The new-year's issue of the "Art Journal" commences with more than average merit. In the present number there appears an engraving of J. M. W. Turner's *Caligula's Palace and Bridge, Bay of Baia*, from the picture in the National Gallery at Kensington, one of Turner's most admirable architectural imaginings. It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the grouping of the various different forms of column and temple which compose this glorious painting; and the golden glow in which the artist has enveloped the scenes of departed splendour is admirably preserved in the engraving. *The Friends* is taken from one of Sir E. Landseer's earlier and less known works, full of promise of his subsequent success. The engraving from the royal collection consists of Mr. Drummond's forcible painting of *War*. In the letterpress, Mr. Fairholt's "Rambles of an Archaeologist," possesses both interest and value.

"The National Magazine." The January number of this pleasant and somewhat gossiping magazine is more than usually interesting. There are one or two well-written tales of the usual complexion of those which appear in our periodical literature, but of more than average merit. There are two well-written articles, one entitled "The Old English Farmer," and another "Mr. Thomas S. Duncombe: a Parliamentary Sketch," which are well worthy of a perusal. There is also an account of a week's pleasant ramble "Afoot in the Isle of Wight," and a short but accurate description of the renowned home of Columbus, and of "Old Doria"—"Genova la Superba," as the Italians delight to call it. Amongst the poetry appears a pleasant "Remonstrance with the Ghosts," upon the undignified nature of their present manifestations as compared with those of yore. There is also a prose article on a similar subject.

"The Oriental Budget." (Saunders, Otley and Co.) This is a newspaper published on the 1st of each month, and devoted to the entertainment and instruction of our countrymen in the far East. From the admirable manner in which it is got up, and the great and varied ability exhibited in the various departments of literature, politics, commerce,

and general intelligence, we may confidently anticipate for "The Oriental Budget" a complete and enduring success.

We have received:—

"Grundy's, or Harry's First Half." By a School-boy. (Hardwicke.)
"Poems and Songs." By J. R. (Belfast: J. Henderson.)
"The British Controversialist." (Houlston and Wright.)
"The Sacrament of the Church of England." Second edition. (J. H. and Jas. Parker.)
"The Castles of Edinburgh." By John Heiton. Third edition, much enlarged. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)
"Wheeler's Old Testament History." Abridged. (Hall, Virtue and Co.)
"Daily Light on the Daily Path." A devotional text-book, in the very words of Scripture. (S. Bagster.)
"The Pigeon Pie." By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." (J. C. Mozley.)
"Sarah Whitwell; or, Two Ways of Working." By Mrs. Herbert Candy. (J. C. Mozley.)
"The Grandmother's Story; or, Conscience Awakened." (J. C. Mozley.)
"Idle Harry." (J. C. Mozley.)
"Imitation Christi." A new translation. (Deighton, Bell and Co.)
"The Young Breton Volunteer." By Frances M. Wilbraham. (J. C. Mozley.)
"Herbert's Holidays." (J. C. Mozley.)
"The Oyster; Where, How, and When to Find, Breed, Cook, and Eat It." (Trübner and Co.)
Historical Tales. No XXII. "The Dove of Tabenna." "The Rescue; a Tale of the Moorish Conquest of Spain." (J. H. and J. Parker.)
"One of Them." By C. Lever. Nos. XIV. and XV. (Chapman and Hall.)
"Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions." Second Series. For January. (J. Churchill.)
"Examinations for Bishops and other Dignities in the Church of England." (G. Manwaring.)
"The Houseless Poor. An Appeal to the Rich who keep Christmas."
"The Atonement, considered in reference to Catholic Antiquity and Existing Controversy." (Rivingtons.)
"The Case of the War in New Zealand, from Authentic Documents." By E. Harold Browne, B.D. (Deighton, Bell and Co.)
"The New Quarterly Review," for January. (Hardwicke.)
"The Eastern Turkish Question, and a Christian Pretender to the Throne of the Ottoman Empire in Europe." (Hardwicke.)
"Bronchitis and Peptic Asthma: their Successful Treatment." By W. Macleod. (Sutherland and Knox.)
"Bentley's Miscellany," for January.
"A Charge Delivered at the Triennial Visitation of the Diocese, November, 1860." By the Bishop of Oxford. (J. H. and J. Parker.)
"Nature in the Cure of Disease." By J. M. Strachan, M.D. (Sutherland and Knox.)
"Papers for the Local Examinations, in connection with the University of Cambridge."
"The Historical Magazine, &c., of America." December, 1860. (New York: C. B. Richardson.)
"The Welcome Guest." January. Part XV. (Houlston and Wright.)
"Good Words." Edited by Norman Macleod, D.D. (Strahan.)
"Cassell's Popular Natural History." Part XXII.
"The Ladies' Treasury." January.
"Cassell's Illustrated History of England." Part XII.
"Revue Germanique." 15 Decembre, 1860. (Paris.)
"The Monthly Packet." Vol. XX. (J. and C. Mozley.)
"Magazine for the Young." 1860. J. and C. Mozley.)
"Eleanora," a Poem, in 4 Cantos. (J. H. and Jas. Parker.)
"Larache, a Tale of the Portuguese Church in the 16th Century." (J. H. and Jas. Parker.)
"The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom." (Tweedie.)

"Handy Book on the Relations of Landlord and Tenant." (J. and C. Mozley.)
"The Workhouse Orphan." (Hatchard.)
"The Organisation of the Navy." By Rear-Admiral Sir F. W. Grey. (Ridgway.)
"The Englishwoman's Journal." January. (Kent.)
"What is Euclid; or, Inconsistencies in Education." By J. S. Cole, B.A. (London: Saunders, Otley and Co.)
"The Transactions of the Bombay Geographical Society, from May, 1858 to May, 1860." Vol. XV. (Bombay: Smith, Taylor and Co.)
"The Post Magazine Almanack and Insurance Directory. 1861." (London: Pateman.)
"Songs from the Heart: Poems." By W. R. Solamon. (Mann.)
"The Fairy Tree; or, Stories from Far and Near." (Nelson and Sons.)
"Catalogue of the Antiquities of Animal Materials and Bronze, of the Museum of the R.I. Academy." By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith.)
"Scattered Seeds." (London: D. Batten, and Simpkin and Marshall.)
"Routledge's Illustrated Natural History." Part XXIII.
"The Picture History of England, in Eighty Engravings."
"Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible." Part I.
"The Eclectic." January. (Judd and Glass.)

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Anderson (W.), Discourses, Second Series, post 8vo., 6s. Black, Edinburgh.
Anderson (W.), Regeneration, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 6s. Black, Edinburgh.
Baptist Reporter, 1860, 8vo., 4s. Winks, Leicester.
Barwell (R.), Treatise on Disease of the Joints, 8vo., 12s. Churchill.
Booth (G.), Manual of Present State of Law of Wills, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Booth.
Brougham (Lord), British Constitution, Works, vol. xi., 2nd edition, 12mo., 6s. Griffin.
Bullock (T.), Illustrated History of England, 12mo., 2s. Heywood, Manchester.
Burgess (R.), City for the Pope, or Solution of the Roman Question, 8vo., 1s. Ridgway.
Burke (Sir B.), Peerage and Baronetage, 1861, royal 8vo., 35s. Harrison.
Buxton (Sir T. F.), Memoirs, new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Murray.
Byron's Child Harold, new edition, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Murray.
Children's Magazine, 1860, 16mo., 2s. Winks, Leicester.
Choral Wreath, Tonic Sol Fa Edition, 8vo., 1s. 6d. Hamilton, Glasgow.
Christian's Pioneer, 1860, 12mo., 1s. Winks, Leicester.
Colchester (Lord), Diaries and Correspondence, 3 vols., 8vo., 42s. Murray.
Cooke (G. W.), China and Lower Bengal, 1857-8, 5th edition, 12mo., 6s. Routledge.
Deere (The), in Three Cantos, and Miscellaneous Poems, by Reubens, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Hall.
Eddison (J. S.), Commentary on Lord Brougham's Character of George III., 8vo., 5s. 6d. Rivingtons.
Ellis (G.), Demonstrations of Anatomy, 5th edition, post 8vo., 12s. 6d. Walton.
Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, vol. I, new series, 8vo., 4s. 6d. Beeton.
Evans (R. W.), Daily Hymns, 18mo., 2s. 6d. Masters.
Exeter (Bishop), Correspondence with T. B. Macaulay, 8vo., 2s. 6d. Murray.
Faraday (M.), Lectures on Various Forces of Matter, 3rd edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Griffin.
Floral World and Garden Guide, vol. III., 8vo., 6s. Groombridge.
Friendly Visitor, 1860, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Seeley.
Garibaldi, an Autobiography, edited by Dumas, new edition, 12mo., 2s. Routledge.
Garratt (Rev. S.), Midnight Cry, 12mo., 5s. J. F. Shaw.
Gibbon (Mrs.), Bible and Gospel History, part I., 18mo., 1s. Relfe.
Guthrie (T.), Seed-Time and Harvest of Ragged Schools, new edition, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. and 3s. Black, Edinburgh.
Guy (J.), Astronomy, by Hardcastle, 18mo., 1s. Relfe.
Hillock (J.), Life Stories, a Prize Autobiography, 12mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Tweedie.
Hood's Own Laughter from Year to Year, 2nd series, 8vo., 10s. 6d. Moxon.
Hymns and Pictures, 4to., 4s. Christian Knowledge Society.
Imman (T.), Foundations of a New Theory of Practical Medicine, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 10s. Churchill.
James (J. A.), Family Monitor, Helps to Domestic Happiness, 11th edition, 12mo., 4s. 6d. Hamilton.
James (J. A.), Works, vol. VI., 7s. 6d. Hamilton.
John Mildred, or Love One Another, 4to., 2s. 6d. Tweedie.
Latham and Maberley's Smaller English Grammar for Schools, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Walton.
London and Provincial Medical Directory, 1861, 8vo., 10s. 6d. Churchill.
Little Child's Picture Magazine, 1860, 32mo., 1s. Winks, Leicester.
Lysons (Rev. S.), Claudia and Pudens's Early Christians in Gloucester, 12mo., 4s. 6d. Hamilton.

May (Edith), Here and There, True Tales of Country Life, 12mo., 3s. 6d. J. F. Shaw.
Mayhew (H.), Young Benjamin Franklin, or Right Road Through Life, 12mo., 6s. Griffin.
McLevy (J.), Curiosities of Crime in Edinburgh, 12mo., 2s. Vickers.
Miller (T.), Headship of Christ and Rights of Christian People, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Black, Edinburgh.
Our Heavenly Home, by Author of "God is Love," 4th edition, 12mo., 4s. Darton.
Palmer (W.), Egyptian Chronicles, with Harmony of Sacred Egyptian Chronology, 2 vols., 8vo., 36s. Longman.
Parkinson (S.), Elementary Treatise on Mechanics, 2nd edition, 8vo., 9s. 6d. Macmillan.
Plummer (J.), Songs of Labour, and Other Poems, 12mo., 5s. Tweedie.
Punch, vol. XXXIX., 4to., 8s. 6d. Office.
Reminiscences of a Scottish Gentleman, post 8vo., 7s. Hall.
Richardson (Sir J.), Polar Regions, 8vo., 14s. Black.
Rodenberg (J.), Island of Samlo, a Pilgrimage Through Ireland, post 8vo., 9s. Chapman and Hall.
Sacred Songs of Scotland, Old and New, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Scott (Sir W.), Poetical Works, new edition, 12 vols., 12mo., vols. I. and II., 3s. each.
Scott (Sir W.), Waverley Novels, New Illustrated Edition, 48 vols., 12mo., £10 10s.
Shelmerdine (W.), Chant Book, new edition, 12mo., 1s. Hall.
Slater (J. W.), Hand-Book of Chemical Analysis, post 8vo., 6s. Mackenzie.
Smith (J. W.), Manual of Equity Jurisprudence, 6th edition, 12mo., 12s. Stevens.
Steele (J.), Manual of Evidences of Christianity, 3rd edition, 16mo., 1s.
Sunbeam, or the Manned Gift, by Author of "My Christmas Home," 12mo., 6s. Masters.
Tchinnick's Sketches of Provincial Life, Translated from Russian, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Booth.
Todhunter (J.), Plain Trigonometry for Use of Colleges and Schools, post 8vo., 5s. Macmillan.
Tristram (H. B.), Great Sahara Wanderings South of Atlas Boundaries, 8vo., 15s. Murray.
Trollope (Thos.), Social Aspects of Italian Revolution, post 8vo., 8s. 6d. Chapman and Hall.
Turnbull (J.), Easy and Progressive Exercises in Singing, 8vo., 1s. 6d. Hamilton, Glasgow.
Valdez (Francisco), Six Years of Travellers' Life in West Africa, 2 vols., 8vo., 30s. Hurst and Blackett.
Wells (T. S.), Scale of Medicines with which Merchant Vessels are to be Supplied, 2nd edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Churchill.
West (J. R.), Parish Sermons on Chief Articles of Christian Faith, 12mo., 6s. Masters.
Wheeler (J. S.), Popular Abridgment of Old Testament History, new edition, 18mo., 2s. Hall.
White (C.), First Instructions in Greek, 7th edition, 12mo., 2s. Relfe.
Whispers from the Heart, 12mo., 3s. 6d. J. F. Shaw.
Wilson (Bishop Daniel), Life of, by Bateman, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 5s. Murray.
Woodford (J. E.), Occasional Sermons, vol. I., 2nd edition, 8vo., 7s. 6d. Masters.
Woods (N. A.), Prince of Wales Tour in Canada, post 8vo., 10s. 6d. Bradbury and Evans.
Wordsworth (Dr.), Elements of Instruction on the Church, new edition, 18mo., 2s. Rivingtons.

Frost Music.—I was once belated in Canada, on a winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake, when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest, which was not far off: but the tone was not harp-like; and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; and again it moaned, as if under my very feet. It was, in fact, almost under my feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the prepotent power of the frost. Nobody there had made air holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence; but they would come out with an explosion when, on some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and a racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me; and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very heart thrill again.—"January," in *Once a Week*.

We understand that the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has undertaken the editorship of the "Baptist Magazine," published by Messrs. Pewtress and Co., and the profits of which are given to widows of Baptist ministers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

▲ SUBSCRIBER OF LONG STANDING.—We are making arrangements for the renewal.

TRIPLET.—The information which our correspondent volunteers will be esteemed a favour.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S.

During the past week, M. Victor Massé has been displaced at both our opera houses, "La Reine Topaze" being succeeded by the first and fourth acts of the "Trovatore," and the "Marriage of George" making way for Mr. Alfred Mellon's "Victorine." Owing to a sudden domestic bereavement, Mr. Swift was unable to take part in the performance of the "Trovatore," and Mr. Parkinson was called upon, at a very short notice, to undertake the rôle of *Manrico*, which he did to the entire satisfaction of the audience. The close resemblance of this gentleman's voice to that of Signor Giuglini was remarkably apparent in the Troubadour's song, in the first act—

"Deserto Sulla Terra."

sung behind the scenes, which was delivered with great sweetness and feeling; but at present this resemblance is limited to the quality only of the voices, there being a deficiency of sustained power, though whether this arises from natural causes or from a nervousness and an extreme diffidence in his own powers, we could not undertake to say; but from what we have already seen of Mr. Parkinson's performances, we are inclined to look upon him as one of the most promising, if not the most promising, of our English tenors. As *Leonora*, Madlle. Parepa acquitted herself very creditably; but we miss the tragic intensity of feeling to which Madlle. Tietjens has habituated us in the Tower scene, in the fourth act. As an actress, Madlle. Parepa shines most conspicuously in pieces of a lighter cast, such as "La Reine Topaze;" and here, we think, she will remain unrivalled, at all events on our English stage. Mr. Santley personates the part of the *Comte di Luna* with his usual vocal ability, and shows himself throughout a painstaking and conscientious artist. This is as it should be, for the mere possession of a splendid voice is not in itself sufficient to raise the owner to that eminence to which Mr. Santley is ambitious of attaining; and it is for this reason that we are glad to trace signs of progress in every character allotted to him, commencing with *Hoel* in "Dinorah," down to the *Comte di Luna* in the "Trovatore." We have so frequently remarked upon Madame Lemaire's impersonation of *Azucena*, that we need say no more on the present occasion, than that she executes her share of the performance with care and ability. Mr. Blagrove leaves his post of *chef d'attaque*, to become the conductor, in place of Mr. Charles Hallé.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's "Victorine" has been revived at this house during the past week. When this opera was first brought out a year ago, Madlle. Parepa achieved so decided a success as the heroine of the piece, that the task of replacing her was rendered more than usually difficult. However, Miss Louisa Pyne, thanks to her extraordinary vocal powers and consummate taste, has not only rivalled, but actually surpassed, the previous representative of this rôle; and, to give a proof of her versatility, she contrives to render the contrast between the *Victorine* of the second act and the *Victorine* of the fourth so remarkable and so striking, as almost to excite a doubt in the minds of the audience as to the identity of the actress. Miss Thirlwall, as *Louise*, shows how much may be made of a small part by careful acting and distinct enunciation; and she was deservedly applauded for her arch delivery of the song addressed to *Julien*, in the second act (p. 17)—

"A gentleman found a rich treasure one day."

Mr. Wallworth made a capital *Griffon*, and Mr. Wharton a tolerable *Julien*. Mr. Haigh sustained his original character of *Michel*, singing and acting with great expression. He was called upon to repeat the second verse of his ballad in the first act (p. 10)—

"This flower, dear maid, doth image thee."

The honours of the evening being awarded by

universal consent to Miss Louisa Pyne, the next tribute of praise must be paid to Mr. H. Corri for his admirable acting in the part of *Hector*, the swindler and robber, in whom the martial pride of the old soldier still lives; a more spirited and efficient representative of this character we cannot imagine. It would be unfair to judge of Mr. Alfred Mellon's powers as a composer, solely from the opera in question: this work was, we believe, never intended for representation at Covent Garden, but was composed some years ago for performance in the provinces simply, at a time when Mr. Mellon was making a professional tour; circumstances, however, rendering a change of performance at this house indispensable. Mr. Mellon was induced to consent to its production here. Skill in instrumentation, variety of effect, and constructive facility, are the chief characteristics of this work, rather than novelty of form or originality of melody.

PRINCESS'S.

"Robinson Crusoe; or, Harlequin Friday and the King of the Caribbee Islands" is the title of the Christmas piece at the Princess's Theatre. The burlesque opening is from the well-known pen of H. J. Byron, Esq.; and in the comicality of its dialogue, and grotesqueness of its puns, is not inferior to any of his previous productions. The first scene represents the "Hard" at Hull, where *Crusoe* (Mr. Garden), as the result of a quarrel with *Will Atkins* (Mr. Shore), as to who shall obtain the favours of *Pretty Jenny Pigtail* (Miss Murray), is seized by a press-gang and despatched upon his adventures. The wreck of his vessel by the machinations of *King Tyranny*, and his escape on a raft through the protection of *Liberty*, are prettily represented in dissolving views, and the remaining scenes are all taken from Robinson Crusoe's island. In this portion of his adventures the parts which are played by his goat, dog, cat, and parrot, are by no means unimportant, but the chief weight of the acting is most admirably sustained by Monsieur Espinosa, in the character of *Friday*.

The Indians, under the command of *King Hoopdoodendoo*, play the important part in the piece which is theirs in the novel, and the aboriginal ballet was very warmly applauded. *Will Atkins* and the pretty *Jenny* both arrive by accident on *Crusoe's* island, and the old quarrel is revived, but only to be stopt by the appearance of *Liberty*, who transforms the principal characters into the familiar shapes of the Harlequinade. The transformation scene is exceedingly tasteful, and was highly applauded by the spectators. There is much that is laughable in the tricks of the pantomime, and there is a pretty little *pas des Patineurs*, adapted from the well-known dance in the "Prophète," and to the same familiar music.

ADELPHI.

At the Adelphi Theatre the marked success of the "Colleen Bawn," which, after a run of more than one hundred nights, still draws crowded houses, is such as to render almost unnecessary the extreme care and labour which less fortunate management lavishes upon the Christmas piece. The new extravaganza, therefore, at this theatre does not, as might be expected, take the same position in the foremost rank which the Adelphi usually occupies. It is from the pen of H. J. Byron, Esq., the indefatigable writer of burlesques, and is entitled "Bluebeard from another Point of Hue." The libretto is not destitute of merit, but we cannot think it equal to other of Mr. Byron's well-known productions. There are some striking liberties taken with the familiar plot of this domestic tragedy, which has formed the groundwork of so many and such excellent burlesques; that some departure from the beaten track was imperatively called for in any new version. *Bluebeard* accordingly, instead of the truculent Turk, under whose guise he is usually represented, appears now in the shape of a London exquisite, with hair carefully parted down the centre, and with his blue beard arranged in the height of modern fashion; he drops his r's or rather supplants them by w's, and wears an eye-glass. The doom which *Fatima* incurs is due to the perfidy of *Sister Anne*, who is herself in love with *Selim*, and plots her sister's destruction. Mr. J. L. Toole takes the character of *Bluebeard*, and to him the piece is indebted for whatever of vitality its action possesses,

as the part assigned to Mr. Paul Bedford is unimportant. The last scene—the fairy fountains of peace and joy—was applauded.

ST. JAMES'S.

Amidst the varied attractions which the Christmas season always holds out to the theatre-frequenting public, and which are this year of more than usual brilliance, we cannot but think that Mr. Alfred Wigan has succeeded in presenting as attractive a programme as any, and we can promise those of our readers who may visit the St. James's Theatre an evening's thorough enjoyment. The drama of the "Isle of St. Tropez," adapted from the French by Messrs. F. C. Burnand and Montagu Williams, has nearly reached its twentieth performance, and we augur for it a long and deserved success. We have not space now to enter into an analysis of its plot, but it is one every way calculated to afford scope for the display of Mr. Wigan's well-known and characteristic pathos. In Miss Herbert, too, he has found an admirable supporter; and the unanimous recall which is accorded to both at the conclusion of the piece, is indeed well merited. We should like, had we space, to institute a comparison between this triumph of legitimate art and the more marked, though more meretricious, success which has been achieved at a rival house by a drama, which, unworthy in every point to sustain a comparison with this, and with acting inconceivably inferior, has by dint of admirable scenic arrangement and skilful advertising, obtained a far greater, though less deserved, notoriety.

The Christmas Extravaganza is entitled "Endymion, or the Naughty Boy who cried for the Moon," and is by Mr. W. Brough. This piece, though inferior to some in the stage appointments and decorations, is excelled, we might even say equalled, by none in literary merit. The fun of the piece is admirably sustained, and the happiness of some of the puns keeps the audience in a chorus of laughter. The playbill itself, by its happy jokes and admirable Greek names for the characters, gives a fair sample of the treat which the piece affords. Fancy a surgeon named "Putaplasteron," or a Latman shepherd named "Clodoppa." The apology for giving a *mimic Pan* is that this is a *pan-to-mimic* season; and the view of the summit of Mount Latmos affords some "Novel (L)atmospheric phenomena." The acting of Miss Marion Taylor and Miss Herbert is well worthy of the piece, as is also that of Mr. Terry, Mr. Belmore, and Mr. Charles Young, whose dance in the character of *Aceton* was warmly applauded. Altogether, we recommend all our readers to visit the St. James's Theatre, and will ensure them a varied and delightful entertainment.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Mr. Howard Glover's annual monster concert came off on Wednesday afternoon, and was very fully attended. In a programme, consisting of upwards of forty pieces, and announcing as many performers, it would be impossible to criticise each piece in detail. Mr. Sims Reeves came on three times, accompanied in "Adelaide" by Miss Goddard, and on the other two occasions by Mr. Balfe, in his song, "Fresh as a rose," a very poor composition, though *encored* by the audience. The London Glee and Madrigal Union gave two of their best specimens, one of which—Horsley's glee, "When the wind blows" (of which we have spoken elsewhere)—was *encored*. The two Russian hymns, conducted by Prince Galitzin, deserve no special notice. The most satisfactory performance of the whole concert was Madlle. Parepa's admirable execution of the laughing song, tumultuously *encored*, and the variations on the "Carnival of Venice," from Victor Massé's opera, "La Reine Topaze." Amongst the instrumental pieces, we may enumerate Miss Arabella Goddard's performance of Benedict's Grand Fantaisie de Concert on "Where the bee sucks," and Thalberg's variations on "The last rose of summer." Herr Molique and Mr. Lindsay Sloper played a grand sonata by Dussek, already performed several times at the Monday Popular Concerts by MM. Sainton and Charles Hallé. A solo on the violin, upon airs from "Lucrezia Borgia," by M. Sainton; and a solo on the violoncello, by M. Paque, complete the number of instrumental pieces. The lady vocalists were very numerous, and included, besides those

already mentioned, Miss Augusta Thomson, Madame Weiss, Miss Lascelles, Miss Stabbach, and the Misses Brougham, besides several pupils of MM. Benedict and Howard Glover, with whose performances the public would gladly have dispensed. Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Wilbye Cooper were the only solo vocalists of the other sex.

The concert commenced at one o'clock, and was abruptly terminated at half-past four by the partial extinction of the gas—a rather hazardous method of indicating the close of the performances, and one which we should not like to see resorted to again; on the present occasion the dissatisfaction of the audience was expressed by hisses merely.

BRITXON MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The broad boundary line which in former times separated the artist from the amateur was once distinctly and emphatically marked; but the progress which art has, of late years, made amongst amateurs, is too real and too extended to allow the line of demarcation always to continue visible. Provided that amateurs will be content to advance step by step, and refrain from attacking those masterpieces of art, which it requires a life-long apprenticeship to overcome, their progress will always be visible, and attended with pleasing results. As a fair specimen of what we conceive to be within the scope of amateur societies, we subjoin the following programme, to the performance of which, admirably played, we listened with great pleasure a few evenings ago at Brixton:—

PART I.	
Overture, "Masaniello,"	Auber.
Song, "Truth in absence,"	Harper.
Solo (Bassoon), "Robert le Diable,"	Meyerbeer.
Song, "Oh! bitt'rich Hebe Vöglein,"	Gumbert.
Symphony (No. 10),	Haydn.
PART II.	
Overture, "Barber of Seville,"	Rossini.
Song, "A Happy New Year,"	Braine.
Ballad, "Rose of Altheim,"	White.
Selection, "Favorita,"	Donizetti.
Duet, "Parigi, O cara,"	Verdi.
March, "Oberon,"	Weber.

Curiously enough, in turning over the leaves of a foreign musical journal, we were astonished to find mention made of this very society; so that amateurs, if they consider themselves as neglected in their own country, may comfort themselves with the reflection that their performances are duly reported and commented on abroad.

EGYPTIAN HALL.

We would strongly advise those who can appreciate really good vocal music to pay a visit to the London Glee and Madrigal Union, who have been performing during the past week in the Dudley Gallery. Madrigals, glees, songs, and ballads, all of the choicest quality and most exquisitely sung, constitute the chief features of the entertainment. Each piece is commented upon by Mr. Thomas Oliphant, who, in his usual happy style, contrives, by a few well-chosen words, to impart just so much knowledge of the composer and the circumstances attending the particular composition in question, as is sufficient to ensure the thorough appreciation of the piece. Amongst other pieces we must specify Horsley's charming glee for four voices,

"When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree,"

which has a devotional simplicity about it, entirely in accordance with the sentiments expressed by the words; and another glee, equally well known, by the late Sir H. R. Bishop—

"Blow gentle gales, and on your wing
Our long expected succours bring,"

originally designed as a quintet in the opening scene of "The Slave," produced more than forty years ago. Mr. Oliphant mentioned in his prefatory remarks upon this glee, that, of all those who took part in the original representation of this opera, three only survive at the present time—Mr. Macready, the eminent tragedian, John Barnett, the composer of the "Mountain Sylph," and the Dowager Countess of Essex, then Miss Stephens. The "Oxfordshire Tragedy," a very beautiful and touching ballad, is so tastefully sung by Miss Eyles as to be generally encored; but the most pleasing of all these songs, to our mind, is the narrative ballad, "The Bailiff's daughter of Islington," the air of which is sweet, original, and pathetic; this, as well as the song,

"My lodging is on the cold ground,"

is invariably redemanded. Including *encores*, the whole entertainment never exceeds the limits of an hour and three quarters; and, speaking from our own experience, we can say that rarely have we derived such unmixed satisfaction from any musical performance as from this. We omitted to name the vocalists, who are Miss Wells, Miss Eyles, Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, and Lawler; Mr. Land presides at the piano, and occasionally takes part in the vocal performance, when four male voices are required.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

We have great pleasure in informing our musical readers that Mr. Henry Smart has just finished his new grand opera in four acts, "The Siege of Calais." The same composer has also nearly completed an oratorio, concerning which we hope to be in a position to say more in a few weeks.

The new tenor, Labat, who made his *début* as *Eleazar*, in Halévy's "La Juive" on Sunday last, promises to become a very valuable addition to the *personnel* of the opera. In power of voice he is hardly inferior to the great Tammerlik, though in musical science and dramatic energy he is not to be compared with that renowned artist. Madlle. Sax and Madame Vanden-Heuvel-Duprez (the latter in the rôle of the *Princess Eudoxia*) were much applauded in their respective characters.

The representations of "Le Roi Barkouf" at the Opéra Comique are at present suspended, in consequence of the indisposition of Madlle. Zoé Belia. The rehearsals of the new opera in three acts, by MM. Auber and Scribe, are being actively carried on with the following cast: MM. Condere, Montaubry, Troy, Barrielle, Ambroise, Laget, Duvernay, Davoust; and Madlles. Monrose, Bousquet, and Prost. Amongst other novelties at this theatre are the following: "Le Jardinier Galant," opera in three acts, by MM. Leuven and Poise; "Les Joailliers" by MM. Leuven, St. Georges, and Grisar, also in three acts; one opéra in two acts, entitled "Salvator Rosa," by MM. Grangé and Duprato; and two other opérettas of one act each by MM. Alary and Jules Cohen.

A new and splendid organ has recently been erected in the cathedral church of Carcassonne by the celebrated French organ builder, M. Cavaillé-Col. On Christmas Eve the instrument was "opened" (to use our English term) by M. Lefebvre-Wely, who, in a series of performances extending over two hours, developed all its resources in a most masterly manner. M. Lefebvre-Wely, formerly organist of the churches of St. Roch and La Madeleine, and now organist at St. Peter's, Rome, is chiefly known in England by his admirable works for the pianoforte, but the six magnificent *offertoires* which he has written for the organ, merit a place in the musical library of every organist, and prove him to be a perfect master of that noble instrument.

A society has recently been formed at Berlin for the purpose of performing the operatic works of young composers who are unable to get their works represented on the regular stage. Such a society as this, in our opinion, contains within itself the seeds of its own dissolution. Under any circumstances, should the attempt be made to put into practice the principles which they profess in theory, they will be fully occupied for many a year to come, provided only that the society survives for so long a period.

M. Otto Lange, the editor of the "Gazette Musicale" de Bock, is to succeed the late Louis Rellstab, as the musical contributor to the columns of "La Gazette de Voss."

An opera by Offenbach, "Daphnis and Chloe," has been brought out at the Theatre Wilhemstadt with great success; and another by Flotow, "La Veuve Grapin," is shortly to follow.

The performance of Donizetti's posthumous opera, "Rita," has been very successful at Brussels; the principal characters are sustained by Madlle. Dupuy, and MM. Aujac and Bataille.

"Ariadne at Naxos" is the name of a dramatic poem for solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed by M. Max Seifriz, and produced with great success at Löwenberg. Madame Babinig undertook the rôle of *Ariadne*, and Van Osten that of *Theseus*.

The "Mosé en Egitto" of Rossini has been performed at Milan with Mesdames Cambardi, Edenska, and Signors Tiberini and Beneventano in the prin-

cipal characters. By way of contrast to the long list of successes which we have been called upon to enumerate, we may add that the new ballet of M. Rota, "Le Vampire," turned out a complete failure.

The *habitués* of the opera at St. Petersburg seem quite as enchanted with Meyerbeer's last operatic work as with his previous compositions. "Dinorah" has been played to crowded houses and applauding audiences, by Madlle. Fioretti, Mme. Nantier-Didico, and Signors Debassini and Calzolari.

M. A. Ropiquet, first violinist at the Grand Opera, Paris, and Professor at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, has announced his first concert for the 27th of the present month, in the Salle Pleyel; on this occasion he will perform some of his most recent compositions.

At the Théâtre Victoria, Berlin, Madame Lagrange has been achieving the most triumphant success in the "Lucrezia Borgia;" M. Carrion, as Gennaro, divides the applause with her, especially in the duet in the third act. In place of the *brindisi*, which is unsuited to her voice, a pure contralto, Madlle. Artot substitutes the romance of *Gondi* from the "Maria di Rohan," an air which requires no transposition.

The same opera is performing also at Turin, with a cast comprising Madlle. Tietjens and Signors Giuglini and Vialletti, all of whom have so recently been playing at Her Majesty's Theatre. A new contralto, Mme. Casaloni, made her *début* in the character of *Maffeo Orsini* with complete success.

The following operas are either in preparation or rehearsal at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris:—"Les Ruines de Balbec," by M. Semet; "La Madonne," by M. Lacombe; "Les Deux Cadis," by M. Imbert; "Ashtaroth," by M. Clapisson; and "Ondine," by M. Debillemont.

At the Théâtre Porte St. Martin, the highly successful "Pied de Mouton" will shortly be withdrawn, to make room for the "Beatrice" of M. Vacquerie. The subject of this drama is not historical, as some of the papers have stated, but purely legendary. Madame Laurent, so famous for her creation of the part in "La Tireuse de Cartes," by Rouvière, is specially engaged to enact the principal rôle.

An opera (supposed to be the composition of M. de Morny), "Le Mari sans le Savoir," has been produced at the Bouffes Parisiens with complete success; and one by Offenbach, "La Chanson de Fortunio," in which Madlle. Pfoitzer made her *début*, has been no less successful at the same house.

The last named composer is now on his way to Berlin to superintend the performance of his "Geneviève de Brabant," which is to be brought out there as soon as possible.

Political allusions, which this year fall dead at all our pantomimes, and fail to produce even the slightest sensation, seem to have a very different effect abroad. Some selections from Pacini's opera, "Gli Arabi nelle Gallie," were lately performed by the Philharmonic Society in the Théâtre Aliberti, belonging to the Prince Torlonia; at the words—

"Sotto l'aclear della vendetta
L'iniqua setta cader dovrà,"

(under the avenging steel shall the heretical sect perish) the whole house rose to applaud the sentiment, and tumultuously insisted on its repetition.

Yesterday evening a performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society of Handel's oratorio, "Judas Maccabeus," took place at Exeter Hall.

We may remind our readers that the first performance of Dr. Mark's Little Men will take place this evening at St. James's Hall.

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 14.	
"Bianca"	Covent Garden ... 7 o'clk.
.....	Her Majesty's ... 7
Dr. Mark's Little Men...	St. James's Hall ... 2½
Monday Pop. Concerts...	St. James's Hall ... 8
Glee Union	Egyptian Hall ... 3½ & 8½
TUESDAY, JANUARY 15.	
"Bianca"	Covent Garden ... 7
.....	Her Majesty's ... 7
Dr. Mark's Little Men...	St. James's Hall ... 8
Glee Union	Egyptian Hall ... 8½
Mr. Willey's Quartett...	Exeter Hall ... 8

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16.		
"Bianca"	Covent Garden ...	7
Dr. Mark's Little Men...	Her Majesty's ...	7
Glee Union	St. James's Hall ...	8
	Egyptian Hall ...	3½ & 8½
THURSDAY, JANUARY 17.		
"Bianca"	Covent Garden ...	7
Dr. Mark's Little Men...	Her Majesty's ...	7
Glee Union	St. James's Hall ...	2½ & 8
	Egyptian Hall ...	8½
FRIDAY, JANUARY 18.		
"Bianca"	Covent Garden ...	7
Dr. Mark's Little Men...	Her Majesty's ...	7
Glee Union	St. James's Hall ...	8
	Egyptian Hall ...	3½ & 8½
SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.		
"Bianca"	Covent Garden ...	7
Dr. Mark's Little Men...	Her Majesty's ...	7
Glee Union	St. James's Hall ...	2½ & 8
	Egyptian Hall ...	3½

SCIENCE.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

January 5.—Colonel Sykes, M.P., President, in the chair.

J. W. Redhouse, Esq., the secretary, read the concluding portion of the Rev. Dr. Hincks's paper on Manetho's Chronology of the new Egyptian kingdom.

A communication from B. H. Hodgson, Esq., was read, on "Nepalese and Thibetan Buddhist Symbols," accompanied by drawings.

The secretary exhibited an ode in the Turkish language, by Shahin Ghiray, one of the khans of the Crimea, ingeniously written in a series of circular lines, intersecting each other, so arranged that the central letter is the first and last letter of every distich. The letters in the radii are the penultimate of each distich, while, read inversely, they form the first word of the following verse; and the words in the intersectional compartments are common to each of the intersecting lines. An English translation by Mr. Redhouse was attached to the poem.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

January 8, 1861.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair.

Mr. E. Vansittart Neale read a paper on "Typical selection considered as a means of removing the difficulties attending the doctrine of the origin of species by natural selection, as put forward in Mr. Darwin's theory."

Mr. R. F. Jones contributed some additional notes and observations on the bats of the genus *Epomophorus*, supplementary to his monograph of that group, as published in the "Society's Proceedings" for 1860.

A report by Dr. A. Günther was read, on "The Reptiles of Bahia transmitted to this country by Dr. Wücheler." Among them were particularly noticeable a new species of snake (*Elaconophorus wücheleri*) and a new lizard of the family *Iguanidae* (*Trachycylus superciliosus*).

Mr. Alfred Newton pointed out the characters which distinguish the water hen of the Mauritius from the European species, and proposed to call the Mauritian bird *Gallinula pyrrhorrhoa*.

Mr. Bartlett called the attention of the meeting to the present abundance of the pink-footed goose (his *A. phœnicopus*) in the London markets, and exhibited specimens of it and the nearly allied bean goose (*A. segetum*).

A paper was read by Dr. Pfeiffer on new species of land shells in the collection of H. Cuming, Esq.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

January 8, 1861.—George P. Bidder, Esq., President, in the Chair. The discussion upon Mr. Preece's paper "On the Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables in Shallow Waters," was continued throughout the evening; but, as it was not concluded, the publication of the abstract is deferred.

At the monthly ballot the following candidates were balloted for and duly elected:—Messrs. H. Byrne, M. W. Carr, E. Garlick, R. Hodgson, B. Piercy, and S. B. Worthington, as members; Messrs. J. Hancox, C. W. Scott, and Capt. G. Baillie, B.A., as associates.

POST OFFICE LIBRARY AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The committee have announced that the following lectures will be delivered in the "Returned-letter Room" of the General Post Office, at 8 p.m. precisely:—

On Friday, January 4, 1861.—Anthony Trollope, Esq., "The Civil Service as a Profession."

On Friday, January 18, 1861.—Edmund Yates, Esq., "Good Authors at a Discount."

On Friday, February 1, 1861.—Thomas Hughes, Esq. (author of "Tom Brown's School-days," &c.), "The Printing Press."

On Friday, February 15, 1861.—G. H. Lewes, Esq. (Author of "Sea Side Studies," "A Biographical History of Philosophy," &c.), "Life, from a Simple Cell to Man."

On Friday, March 1, 1861.—George Grossmith, Esq., "Lecturing."

On Friday, March 15, 1861.—Thomas Hood, Esq., "Edmund Waller, Gentleman, M.P., Courtier and Lover."

On Wednesday, March 27, 1861.—John West, Esq., "A Word or Two on Words."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon., Jan. 14.—*Royal Geographical Society*, 8½.—Mr. John Macdonald Stuart, "Journal of his Expedition Across the Centre of Australia, from Spencer Gulf on the south to lat. 18 deg. 47 min. on the north;" communicated by Messrs. Chambers and Finke, through Sir Roderick I. Murchison, vice-president of the R.G.S.

Tues., Jan. 15.—*Institution of Civil Engineers*, 8.—Continued Discussion upon Mr. Preece's Paper on "Submarine Telegraph Cables."

Statistical Society, 8.—On "The Progress of the Public Expenditure of the United Kingdom," by Leone Levi, Esq.
Wed., Jan. 16.—*British Meteorological Society*, 7.—On "A Large Barometer Indicator," by the President; on "A New Thermometer for Determining the Temperature of the Sea at great Depths," by Mr. Johnson.

THURS., Jan. 17.—*Linnean Society*, 8.—On "Proliferation in Flowers," by M. T. Masters, Esq.; on "The Botany of Tropical Western Africa," by Dr. Walpisch.

Society of Antiquaries, 8½.
Royal Society, 8½.
Chemical, 8.—"Analysis of the Sallæ Water of Purton, near Swindon, North Wilts," by Dr. Noad; on "The Electrolytic Test for Arsenic," by Professor Bloxam.

FRI., Jan. 18.—*Royal Institution*, 8.—On "The Action of Gases and Vapours upon Radiant Heat," by Professor Tyndall.

SATUR., Jan. 19.—*Royal Asiatic Society*, 3.
Royal Institution, 3.—On "Inorganic Chemistry," by Professor E. Frankland.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

POETS are proverbially improvident or unfortunate, or are labouring under some abnormal social condition. They are blind as Homer, cripple as Tyrtæus, crooked as Pope, club-footed as Byron. They prowl the streets hungry dogs like Savage; they starve in garrets, and die in hospitals. Of course there are many fortunate exceptions to the rule—poets of a handsome figure, poets with a purse, poets who never get into debt, and poets, who sing of love and wine, who never fall into the snares of women, and who never get locked up as incapable, through strong potations from the vineyard.

Here now is Lamartine, who might have ranked among the latter class, had he not obstinately chosen to belong to one category in the former class. It is no more doubted that he is a poet than that he has been improvident; and every other year of late we have heard of his difficulties, and of how the hat has been round for his benefit. That he has personally struggled hard to extricate himself from the meshes cast over him by debt, is greatly to his credit; but they are too strong to be broken through, and away must go his patrimony to satisfy creditors who have been abundantly long-suffering towards him. Lately he has sold his Milly estate, one of the most considerable vineyards of France, and of European celebrity. Milly was the favourite residence of the poet, and where he hoped to die. To part with it must have cost him

a severe pang; it is a sacrifice, however, for which the world will do him honour, as he will also have the world's sympathy.

The public are often curious to know how a poet lives, what he eats and drinks, when he rises in the morning and retires to bed at night. A more legitimate curiosity, however, attaches to a poet's birth-place and dwelling-place. We wish to know whether the latter is in noisy town or retired village, whether in a valley or on a hill-top, whether screened by noble woods, or reposing in the bosom of a lovely landscape, as we infer, often erroneously enough, that his muse is inspired by his locality. The journals enable us to satisfy this curiosity, to some extent, as regards the favourite abode of Lamartine. And never, it seems, was abode erected in a more uninviting landscape. It is described as horrible. Milly consists of extensive vineyards: the village is wretchedly poor, the hills around it are bare, and the house of the poet resembles more the sorry habitation of a country curé than that of one of the glories of France. We enter a court-yard, badly paved; cellars, barns, and a humble stable flank it. By three steps, badly jointed, we mount to an enormous vestibule. On the left there is a kitchen, lofty and yawning; on the right a chamber paved with tiles; then a dingy dining-room, the paper on the walls a century old, and the ceiling showing the rafters. All is sad and dreary to the stranger, but to the poet it has its special charms; it is the house wherein he was born, the home of his forefathers, and these cracked and riven walls have voices of the past, which he alone can hear and understand. A magnificent ivy grows up the angle of the wall. This ivy, planted by the mother of Lamartine, has its special and touching history. Lamartine was in Italy when he wrote his beautiful little poem, entitled "Milly." It was a reminiscence of his native land, and he sent it all fresh with the dew of inspiration upon it to his mother. She perceived that her son spoke of an ivy which covered the north cold and damp wall of the house. This was an error; the ivy did not exist. There was nothing but gray lichens, moss, virgin-vines, and rents there. Madame de Lamartine, who was sincere to a scruple, could not bear her son's poetic fiction, and not wishing to give his muse the lie, she planted with her own hands an ivy on the place where it was wanting. God blessed the plant which a tear had watered. At present the plant is in great vigour, tall and bushy, clinging to the top of the humble roof, and clasping the embrasures of the windows. The purchaser of the property is not known; but it is whispered that he will respect the ivy, and perhaps leave the key in the house-door for the poet to enter it when he comes to contemplate his mother's ivy. It is a poor barn of a place, which a generous heart could well make over in fee-simple to one who is the pride of his countrymen, and whose genius is the property of the world.

Theophile Gautier has the reputation of being one of the greatest dramatic critics of the day, and if criticism consists, as sometimes it pervertingly does, in making the best of the worst, he has certainly done so as far as regards *Les Massacres de Syrie*, a drama in five acts, by M. Victor Sejour, which has been condemned by every independent writer as a miserable piece of bombast and fustian. To Theophile's credit, however, it should be stated that he does not linger on the threshold of his subject, but enters at once, introducing us to Georges de Moréac, the descendant of a Baron of Brittany, who, in the days long since departed, joined the Crusaders to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. The Moréacs still live in the Lebanon, and have not forgotten the old country. Georges lived with his parents a happy life; but in the family there is an orphan girl, a Druse, named Guldare, who has not abjured her faith, but is a Christian at heart, and she falls in love with Georges. In turn she is loved by one Ben-Yakoub, a Druse of wild nature, and a man disposed to have his own way if possible. The girl gives Ben-Yakoub the cold shoulder in Eastern fashion, and now the action of the piece begins. To be revenged on Guldare, Ben-Yakoub excites the Druses to make havoc of the Christians and Maronites—a task they are supposed to smile upon rather. We have now brought before us an Eastern "Madge

Wildfire," or rather a black prophetic, very crazy and very fanatical, who wanders from tribe to tribe mounted on a black horse. Everywhere she is hospitably received. Her wanderings bring her to the patriarchal home of Georges de Moréac, but as soon as she discovers that the inmates are Christians, she retires with horror, emptying on the threshold a sackful of curses. The family have doleful presentiments, and soon are heard the cries of the approaching Druses. A retrograde Turk, however, Daoub-Kaiber, comes forward in the cause of order, and proposes that the Maronites should be disarmed. Georges de Moréac sets out to give the Maronites warning of what is going on, as their treasures have been confided to him, and on his journey is attended by six Christians. On the way he falls into the ambush of his rival Ben-Yakoub. His companions fall before the bullets of the Druses, but he escapes death to be taken prisoner. Questioned as to the whereabouts of the treasures mentioned, he is silent, and his silence is punished by his being cast headlong from a precipice, where in the ordinary course of things he ought to be dashed to pieces; this, however, would be to stop the play at the second act. The hero of a drama has as many lives as a cat, and Georges, instead of furnishing food for the ravens and vultures, is caught in his descent by a shrub, and lands upon a ledge of rock, from whence, however, there is no escape, and death would have met him in another form had not a caravan been passing. The cries of the Christian are heard, and he is saved. Passing various scenes, we come to that where the mother of Georges and Guldare are brought in to be sold as slaves. For the aged mother there is not a single bid, but purse against purse is offered for the beautiful Guldare, by Daoub-Kaiber and Ben-Yakoub. The latter triumphs over the former, and carries off the lady. Daoub-Kaiber, defeated, gets up a Mussulman row, which somehow is to injure Ben-Yakoub. When the tumult is at its height, enters the black prophetess Djemmala, foaming and vaticinating, waving a tricolour, stolen one knows not where, which she covers with spittle, and incites the mob to down with the Christians. All of a sudden appears the heroic Abd-el-Kader, who, seizing the sacred banner from the maniac, addresses the *canaille* in dignified language, and intimating that they had better be gone about their business. This tells famously on the French audience. We are next in the harem of Ben-Yakoub, who in vain makes love to the fair Guldare. She despises him and all the splendour with which she is surrounded. Ben-Yakoub is called from love to duty, the duty being the massacre of the Christians. Guldare, whom pity makes a whole Christian of a half one, braving every peril, sets out to aid the people she has chosen. Marthe de Moréac accompanies her as a sister of charity. There is much fighting work now, and in the last scene we behold Georges de Moréac, whom we have not seen since his delivery from the rock, but who has been performing prodigies of valour in the interval. We see him pale as death, on a heap of corpses. By him, clinging distractedly to his neck, are Guldare and his mother, who have escaped most miraculously; but Marthe, the sister of charity, lies among the dead. "Such a crime!"—it is Théophile Gnatier who writes—"shall it remain unavenged? No! Abd-el-Kader and his Algerians pursue the assassins. Daoub-Kaiber will be given up to a council of war. France has heard the appeal of the victims; her standard floats like the rainbow of the covenant above the walls of Damascus, and the sun shines on the bayonets of her intrepid soldiers. Barbarism retreats growling, and re-enters her dark caverns." Well, but the French are not in Damascus yet, and so the author anticipates history rather. We have given a bare skeleton of a piece which all Paris is running after. The scenery on all hands is admitted to be most excellent. The getting up is a triumph, and in this miserably cold weather the sunshine of Beyrouth and the shores of the Mediterranean are a happy exchange for the rigours of the streets of Paris.

Theology is not within our province, and if we mention the publication of an edition of the "Philosophumena," by M. P. Cruice, it is rather in the interests of literature than of polemics. This edition is

accompanied with a Latin translation printed under the original Greek, and with notes and an introduction. M. Cruice is superior of the school of the higher ecclesiastical studies, and has the reputation of being an accomplished scholar and Hellenist. The object of the publication appears to be to raise the doubt whether Hyppolytus was the author of the "Philosophumena," especially as, say continental writers, the saint has been claimed by Bunsen as a genuine Protestant, and by Christopher Wordsworth as an early member of the Church of England.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—No one among your readers echoes more cheerfully than myself the sentiments expressed by "Dramaticus" and "Philo-Drama" in your impression of this week.

More than two years ago, when the columns of the "Literary Gazette" invited correspondence, one Triplet ventured to implore the aid of the journal on behalf of the would-be dramatic author. The result of his appeal (to be found in the number for the 2nd of Oct., 1858) was a very severe rap over the knuckles from an Ex-Reader of Plays, who chose to construe Mr. Triplet's remarks into a personal attack upon the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, who at that period had advertised in the daily play-bills his determination to refuse any piece without its introduction being guaranteed by a member of the Dramatic Authors Society.

Further, this censor and castigator of aspiring tyros politely suggested poor Triplet's connection with the class of theatrical "bores" who, as he informed the public, were too well known to managers by their practice, on the announcement of a new management, of re-christening their rejected productions for the chance of acceptance, and, at any rate, in the hope of escaping detection. In the following number, for Oct. 16, an opportunity to defend himself was kindly offered to the offending reformer; and as the Ex-Reader did not a second time take up the cudgels in the cause of prejudice and monopoly, we may infer that he retired from the field satisfied with the justice of the remarks contained in the reply of his antagonist.

And now, notwithstanding that the very subject to which you invite discussion was denounced by Ex-Reader as an "infinitesimal grievance" (*sic in orig.*), the same Triplet, the "bore" of other days, steps once again upon the scene, animated by your kind assuring voice, and cheered by the sympathy you have expressed for the ambitious dramatist.

The audacious and openly-avowed system of monopoly is the cause which chiefly militates against the possible success of an untitled author; once establish a reputation, and I fearlessly aver you may foist an unlimited stock of rubbish upon the public, with the consolatory reflection at the same time of having done an incalculable amount of injury to the vital interests of the drama. It is as well not to condescend to personalities, so, playgoer, "Si queris monumentum, circumspecte."

Your correspondent, "Philo-Drama," takes the honest and manly view of the subject when he asserts that "he would as soon think of asking for an introduction to a tradesman as to a manager." Surely an author is to be tested by his own merits or demerits, and not by the amount of influence and patronage possessed by his theatrical sponsor. I may be wrong, but, to my mind, the whole question between author and manager is purely of a commercial nature. I bring my wares to the market, and I am not even entitled to proffer them for sale, but am ignored as a literary merchant, sent to a dramatic Coventry, avoided and shunned as a species of theatrical leper. Is this conduct such as can be justified by any general mercantile precedent? can it be supported on any other ground than that of managerial etiquette?

Granted (as in nine instances out of ten may be the case) that an author's tragedy is highly provocative of merriment, that his screaming farce is lachrymose in the extreme, that his dialogue is slipshod, and his construction careless, because he may not be aware of his own shortcomings, is his manuscript the less entitled to recognition? Why, the wretched aspirants of the present day actually fare

worse than did poor John Tobin: his plays were only rejected, theirs are not even read: he did obtain refusal, to them is denied even acknowledgment. Every word that "Philo-Drama" has written on this subject I most willingly endorse, though at the same time I have equal pleasure in calling the attention of all those who are interested in the matter to the fact that a few exceptions are to be found among our metropolitan managements, and that there exist those who disclaim such despotic indifference.

The very inadequate remuneration of authors, a natural result of the shameless system of piracy from the French dramatists and English novelists, together with the "star" system, is the principal cause to which the drama owes its decay in our country; for, in spite of the apparent prosperity of the stage as instanced by the number of theatrical establishments now in their full heyday of Christmas glory, that there is a dearth of real dramatic talent in the pieces now in the course of production, can admit of no denial.

Nor as yet does there seem much hope for better things; as long as the dramatist receives as the just reward of his labour a sum barely equal to, and not unfrequently trebled by, the weekly salary of the "leading lady and gentleman," to whose exertions the success of his work is of course attributed, so long will men and women of talent refuse to tax the creative powers of their intellects, and as long as the sixth section of the International Copyright Act of the 15th and 16th Vict., cap. 12, remains a blot upon our statute book, so long can the continental originator look for no consideration at the hands of the merciless *adapter*, for the bald translator is satisfied with no meaner title.

To one above all others do the genuine lovers of the drama (and under that head I class "actor, manager, and author too") owe a deep debt of gratitude for his manly exertions in the cause of right, for his defence of honest labour against the attacks of petty pilferers. Urged on by an utter disregard of private advantage, and a strong sense of public duty, Mr. Charles Reade has set a noble example in being the first to throw a stone against the dramatic system of the day, and to drag before the foot-lights the thousand and one dangers and difficulties that beset the dramatist behind the curtain. That of the *pirate* crew many will be influenced by his arguments, is scarcely to be looked for, their very livelihood being so interwoven with their present profession; but he will have the thanks of the heart-sick aspirants who, like your correspondents, have been toiling many weary years, only to find the reward of their labours in tangled lawsuits, and swinging damages. With regard to a remedy for the existing evil, I have none to offer, save such as the conscience (?) of managers might suggest to them, namely, common courtesy, and a determination to extend the ordinary civilities of commercial life to the dealings and transactions on the dramatic exchange. It is not without some little pride that I note the growth within two years of my "infinitesimal grievance" into a public question. It is my earnest hope that we may soon hear no more complaints of that "tyrant custom," by whom so many earnest climbers have been frightened from the steep paths of Parnassus.

Gentlemen, you who hold sway over the theatrical institutions of our country, do not turn a deaf ear to the public voice; plead anything but immemorial usage; we, the dramatic authors, are all attention; we "wait a gentle answer."—Your obedient servant,

TRIPLET.

London, Jan. 5, 1861.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—Will you allow me to call attention in your journal to a vile grammatical barbarism of the present day? I allude to the coupling of the prepositions "on" and "to" in sentences where "on" only is required. The adverb "on," signifying forward, is properly followed by the preposition "to," as when we speak of going "on to" one place from another; but the use of the preposition "on" with the preposition "to" is a vulgar and nonsensical solecism, never met with in any of our standard authors, and never heard of, except, perhaps, among the uneducated classes, until within the last five or six years. Now, however, we can scarcely take up

a novel, magazine, or newspaper, without seeing such phrases as "getting on to a horse," "looking on to a picture," "putting on to a table," "leaning on to a friend." As a colloquial expression, it is as completely unknown in good society as that of "riding" in a carriage, but when we find it deforming the pages of such writers as, among many others, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. Wilkie Collins, the author of "Adam Bede," and, I grieve to say, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, there is reason to fear that it may become a chronic disease of our literature, unless arrested by timely criticism.—Yours, &c., W. A. M.

Jan. 3, 1861.

WE have received the following communication and, thinking it may serve to amuse, if not edify, our readers, have inserted it.—Ed. L. G. :—

SIR,—I have been frequently asked, "Is it true you believe that after death our deceased relatives and others have power to revisit earth, and make themselves known by visible signs?" My answer has been, and still is, "Yes," because :—

1st.—The Bible is full of statements showing the power of Spirit to make itself visible, and to move tangible substances—and as those spirits are still alive, they may do similar things again : moreover, those statements demonstrate the possibility of spirits communicating.

2nd.—Apart from the historical narratives of all nations of the world as to spirit appearances :—Since 1848, but more especially since the year 1852, men eminent for mental power, (at first believing the whole to be a delusion,) have, after examining the subject, candidly acknowledged their conviction of the truth of spirit manifestations; some have boldly stated their conviction, and the evidences they have had; others, under the fear of loss of business, in private state their belief, but avoid the subject in public.

3rd.—I have seen, felt, and heard those things which have thoroughly convinced me of the truth of our being ever surrounded with spirits who have lived on earth; and while enjoying the benefit I have derived from three of my senses, I am aware that a joke and a laugh may be easily passed at my expense; but as they are only the usual tin-sword weapons of a non-thinker, they will do little injury in the day of battle: as the truth of spirit manifestations is one of vital interest to every parent who has lost a child, every one who is losing or who has lost a parent or other relative, as well as to every man who thinks for himself as to his future; for the benefit of my friends and others, I condense the memoranda made by me immediately after seeing, feeling, and hearing the incidents narrated; since then (August, 1855,) I have been in the constant habit of seeing similar and other developments of spirit power.

Some who have not seen spirit manifestations say—

1st.—It is Collusion. 2nd.—Delusion. 3rd.—Cerebral action. 4th.—Electricity.

The first and second ideas are now generally exploded, as the manifestations take place at our own homes, with our own relatives and friends; as to the 3rd, it is simply absurd to suppose that the action of the human Brain can raise a loo-table, 5 feet in diameter, clear off the ground 18 inches, and remain suspended in the air, without any apparent support; or that Electricity can rattle the keys of an accordion, while held by one hand upside down, and play out in perfect time and with faultless execution, Melodies mentally asked for; or rap out connected sentences with the leg of a table.

Why not, as Christians, believe that God, to undermine the wide-spread materialism of the present day, and to convince man of his immortality, and of a judgment to come, has allowed those days to come again so tersely narrated by St. Paul, wherein some had the gift of healing—others of working miracles—others discerning of spirits—others prophesying—others the gift of speaking foreign languages, &c., as well as by minor manifestations for families? And if it be said by some, "Well, I should like to see those things," the answer is, you may, if you will work for it, with a single eye to the mental good of your neighbour; and for confirming your own belief

in the truth of life after physical death: Form a circle of your own family, and a few relatives or friends; in all say from ten to twelve, who will make a conscience of meeting regularly twice a week, for say four or five weeks, from eight till half-past nine o'clock; I have no doubt that in the majority of instances, before you have sat half-an-hour, you will have the commencement of spirit manifestations, which may have a powerful effect on your future life; it matters little whether the table you sit at is round or square, large or small, if you and your friends are in earnest. Be cheerful, but avoid joking, it is too serious a business for tomfoolery.

MEMORANDA OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

1st.—I have seen an ordinary loo-table I was sitting at with some eleven friends, undulate up and down clear off the ground, and rise in one instance six inches, and in another eighteen inches from a carpeted floor; the table remaining for a short time suspended in the air, and then gently descend, the finger ends of twelve pair of hands slightly touching the top of the table.

2nd.—I have had a lady's watch and chain taken out of my right hand by an unseen power, and carried to the owner, sitting on the opposite side of the table.

3rd.—I have had the first and second finger of my right hand touched as if by an unseen warm finger, laid lengthways.

4th.—I have seen an accordion taken off the table by a person, held by one hand by the white rim, the keys downwards, his other hand resting on the table; and any tune mentally asked for, by any out of the circle, played with the style and finish of a master.

5th.—I have heard raps or knockings on loo and square tables as gentle as if by an infant's finger, and as loud and violent as if by a hammer; my fingers and those of other two persons gently resting on the tables.

6th.—I have seen a large heavy dining-room table with four leaves, heave, twist, tremble, and rock as if possessed with life; and the legs nearest me moved up and down several hundred times the same evening, answering questions.

7th.—I have heard under the table we were sitting at, and round the chairs, sounds as if of a storm at sea—the seething of the sea,—the moaning of the wind,—and the table moved as if a vessel in distress, the accordion giving out the cries of a drowning crew; and then, when all was still, there was rapped out the name of one related to a person in the room, who was supposed to be alive and well, but afterwards found to have been wrecked off the Cape.

8th.—I have seen another class of manifestations, called Trance,—wherein ideas of mental power and beauty, jewelled with words of purity, have dropped from the lips of the young.

9th.—I have seen an accordion handled by a person for the first time in his life, and under spirit influence, his hands moved to the proper keys to play out "Helmsley," which is sung to "Lo! He comes with clouds descending," and then suddenly another medium with closed eyes call for a Bible, open it, and with averted head point to Revelations xx. chap. and 12 v.—"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works:"—the accordion and Bible never having been in the hands of either party before.

10th.—I have seen tests of the individuality of deceased friends and relatives given of the most conclusive character.

Having seen, heard, and felt these things, and very many others, you will no longer wonder at me so unhesitatingly saying "Yes" to the question, "Do you believe that after death our deceased relatives have power to revisit earth, and make themselves known by visible signs?"—I am, yours truly,

J. JONES, Peckham. S.E.

P.S.—In the foregoing statement I have avoided mentioning anything but what has come under my own observation; or I would have stated a few of the incidents narrated to me by credible witnesses, to the effect of conversations being carried on in

foreign languages, by mediums totally ignorant of such languages—of diseases cured by the simple laying on of hands—of a medium gradually ascending from the floor to the ceiling of an ordinary room, and a friend of mine, in her surprise and curiosity, going up to the man and placing the palm of her hand to the soles of his feet while so lifted up by unseen power, several of my friends being also present at the time—of pianos playing master-pieces of music, no hand touching the instrument—of children, unacquainted with instrumental music, under spirit influence, playing some of the most difficult pieces of Beethoven's music—of spirit hands taking wreaths of flowers off the table, and placing them on the brow of some of the persons in the room, &c.

Messrs. Shaw and Sons, of Nottingham, the well-known firm of fine art publishers, have recently issued a series of exquisitely-beautiful chromolithographs, including *The Pass of the Brenner*, after T. L. Rowbotham; *St Goar on the Rhine*, after the same artist; and *The Falls of the Giesbach* (Interlaken) after the picture by West. These works are executed by Messrs. M. and F. Hanhart, who certainly seem to have brought the wonderful invention of chromo-lithography to the acme of perfection, as will be readily acknowledged by any person of taste who pays a visit to their gallery in Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place.

INTERESTING ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.—It is well known to those who have studied the antiquities of Kent that the now ruined church of Reculver enclosed within its fabric parts of a building far more ancient than the early English towers and walls which formed the exterior of the structure; in fact, there appears to be no doubt that a portion of a Roman temple or basilica, which was still erect in the 13th century, and which, judging from its relics, must have been an important building, was appropriated by the mediæval architects, and incorporated in their rising edifice. These portions, consisting of two columns, giving, with the side walls, support to three arches, were situate at the junction of the nave and chancel, the whole structure forming a triple chancel arch of much beauty. At the commencement of the present century the church was ruthlessly reduced to its present desolate condition, the lead, the bells, and all other valuable parts being distributed to various claimants, and at this time the columns passed into the hands of a citizen of Canterbury, who caused them to be laid on the grass of his orchard, where they have remained to the present day, antiquaries meanwhile bemoaning the destruction (supposed) of these valuable examples of classical art. It fortunately happened that Mr. Gandy, A.R.A., a celebrated architectural draughtsman of the day, made drawings and measurements of the columns before their removal, and these drawings, made public by Mr. C. Roach Smith, the eminent antiquary, have led to the resuscitation of the relics after so many years of oblivion. The orchard, among the long grass of which the columns have for so long a period slumbered, having recently been sold for building purposes, has been made accessible to the public, and here these remains of ancient "Regubium" were seen and recognised by Mr. Sheppard, surgeon of Canterbury, who immediately communicated with Mr. Smith, and he in turn lost no time in drawing the attention of the authorities to the matter. The result has been that the Dean of Canterbury, conferring with Canons Robertson and Stone, has proposed to re-erect the pillars, which have been freely and most generously given by their owner, Mr. W. J. Cooper, in the precinct of the cathedral. Thus these stone records, which were probably fashioned in the 4th century, enclosed in a stately church in the 13th century, and degraded at the end of the 18th century, will again rear their heads under the shadow of the venerable Cathedral of Canterbury in the 19th century, 1,500 years after their first construction. Those of our readers who wish to examine more critically into the evidences of the great antiquity of the subjects of this notice, will find ample information in a valuable work entitled "The Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lyme," by Mr. C. Roach Smith, F.S.A.

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